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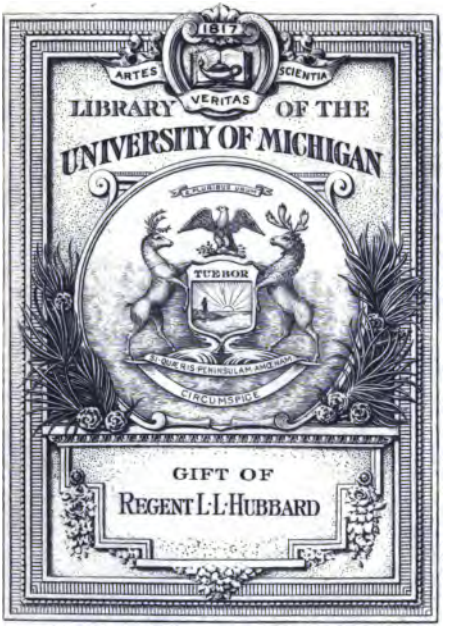
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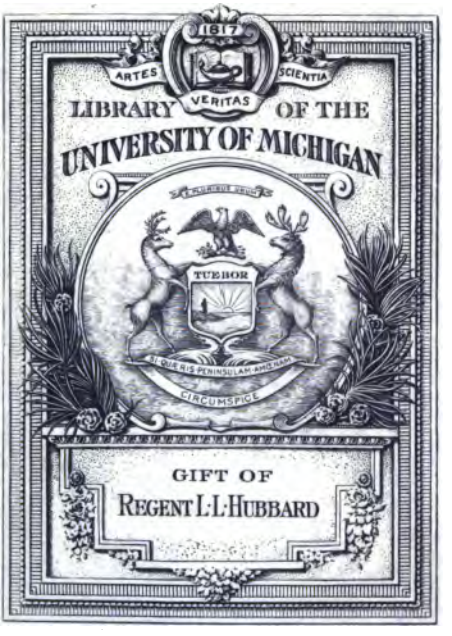
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WITH ANECDOTES

AND

Numerous Illustrations.

PART II.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PEEP OF DAY,"

ETC. ETC.

LONDON:

THOMAS HATCHARD, 187, PICCADILLY.

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1854.

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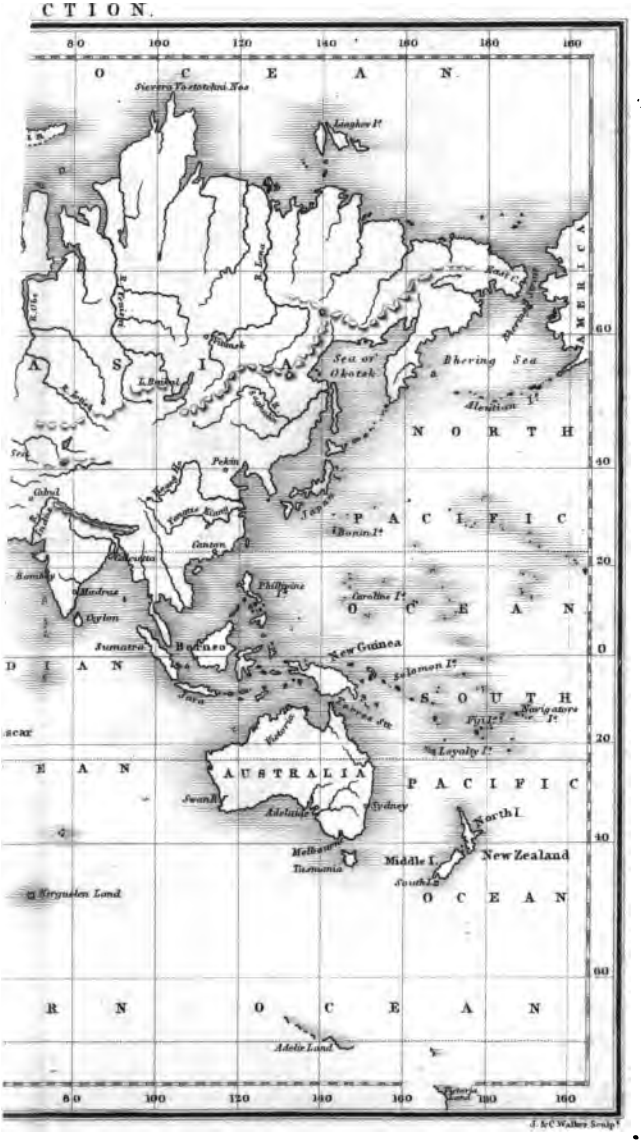

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FAR OFF.

PART II.

AFRICA.

This is the most unhappy of the four quarters of the globe. It is the land whence more slaves come than from any other; it may be called the land of bondage.

It is the hottest of all the quarters of the globe. In many places it seldom rains, and the streams are dried up.

It is less known than any other continent. There are mountains and lakes of immense size, which white men have never seen.

The blackest people in the world are born in Africa.

There are more ignorant people there than anywhere else;—people who cannot read or write; and also people who know nothing of Jesus, the Son of God.

All the countries in Africa are either Mahomedan or heathen,—except one, that calls itself Christian. But there are a few bright spots where the missionaries have lifted up the lamp of day, and where God has made the light to shine.

THE COUNTRIES OF AFRICA.

EGYPT.

THE PASHA AND HIS ARMY.

This country is spoken of a great deal in the Bible, but nothing is said in its praise. On the contrary, it is called "the house of bondage," because, for two hundred years the Israelites were slaves in the land. The kings of Egypt bore the name of "Pharaoh," and were very proud and unbelieving. Yet one of them was kind to Joseph, and he was rewarded for his kindness by having bread for his people during the famine.

The greatest honour that Egypt ever received, was being visited by the Lord Jesus, when he was a little child. All across the great desert he came riding with his mother upon an ass,

led by the hand of his mother's husband, Joseph. No one knows where he lived while in Egypt, nor how long he lived there; but it cannot have been very long, for he was yet a little boy when he returned to Canaan. It must have grieved the holy soul of the Son of God to see the Egyptians bowing down to idols, for the land was then full of idols; but after his ascension to heaven, one of his disciples went to Egypt to preach the Gospel. I believe it was Mark who went. He was not an apostle, but he was a disciple, and he was one of the Four Evangelists. A great many Egyptians became Christians in his days, but very few are Christians *now*.

It was the Arabs who made them change their religion. They came with their swords in the name of the false prophet Mahomet. Those who would not believe in Mahomet were forced to wear round their necks a very heavy cross, so heavy that the weight could hardly be borne. A few of the Egyptians refused to become Mahomedans, and their descendants still live in the land, and are called Copts.

After the Arabs had ruled over Egypt a long while, the Turks came, and conquered it. The sultan at Constantinople used to be lord of the land, but he does not rule over it now.

The king is called the pasha, and he has more

power than most other kings. The Egyptians groan beneath the power of the pasha, as you will see when you hear how he collects soldiers for his army.

The Egyptian peasants live in mud huts, dress in blue shirts, and wear red caps (for they are not allowed to wear turbans); and they eat fish, cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions, and garlic, with coarse bread, as the Israelites once did in Egypt. They hate hard work, and only do just enough to keep them from starving, spending much of their time in sleeping before their doors.

What is their horror when the pasha sends a troop of men on horseback to seize the peasants! O then what running there is in the fields, and what hiding in the huts! But the soldiers pursue the fugitives, trampling down the corn with their horses' feet, and catching all the men they can find. Those who are caught are dragged in chains to a prison, and are there examined by a doctor, to see whether they are fit to be soldiers. Some are considered too young, some too old, and some too short, and some too weak How glad these are to be suffered to return to their huts! Some are found to have no upper teeth, others to be without the first finger of the right hand, and others to be blind. Have they met with accidents? Not

all of them. Most of these persons have hurt *themselves* on purpose to avoid being soldiers. It was very wicked of them to do themselves such harm; but it is a proof how much they dreaded becoming soldiers.

And how are those men treated who are considered fit to be soldiers? A traveller gives this account of one set of recruits. Three hundred men were brought out of prison, tied in pairs, and driven with sticks to the banks of the river. Boats were waiting there to convey them up the river to the capital city. The men were silent and submissive. Not so their wives. They followed, tearing their hair, and uttering loud shrieks, mingled with curses upon the pasha; and when they saw their husbands stepping into the boats, they rushed forward to bid them a last farewell.

There were some wives who *would* not be left behind, but, with their babes on their shoulders, walked along the banks of the river, trying to keep up with the boats. Many of them died on the way from hunger and fatigue. Those who reached the camp, built small mud huts near it, but they had scarcely enough to keep them from starving, for they had nothing to eat but what their husbands could spare out o their daily portions of food; as the soldiers

seldom have any money, because the pasha seldom pays them any wages.

Picture of poor women of Egypt.

It is not only the wives and children who mourn when the peasants are taken away,—the old parents grieve deeply for the loss of their sons. It is the custom in Egypt for sons to support their aged parents; therefore, when the sons are seized the parents are left to starve.

One poor old man, who had been deprived of all his sons, saw the pasha himself stepping out of a boat. He ran boldly up to him, and

seized him by the sleeve; neither would he let him go till he had told him all his case. "I have been robbed of the children who fed me, and now I am starving." "Poor old man," replied the pasha, "I will do something for you." Then, calling to the richest man in the village, he said, "Give this poor man a cow." Such was the generosity of the pasha. He gave nothing *himself*, but ordered *another* to give instead.

THE RICH EGYPTIANS.

The greatest people in the land are Turks, and live after the Turkish manner, while the common people are Arabs. This is the way in which a rich man spends his day.

He begins it by prayers, not to the true God, but to the God of Mahomet. Then his slave presents him with a cup of coffee and a pipe. Afterwards he goes out to the bath, to the shops, or to visit his friends. He rides on an ass or a mule, while a black servant, carrying his pipe, goes before to clear the way. At noon he dines at home with his family. The dinner is served on a tray, and placed on a low stool, while the company sit around on mats. Water is poured on their hands by a servant holding a jug and basin. The food is eaten

with the fingers. The meat is often minced, and rolled up in leaves, so that it can be easily popped into the mouth. A fowl is torn to pieces between two persons. When any one wishes to be very kind to a friend, he takes nice morsels in his fingers and puts them into his friend's mouth. Nothing is drunk at dinner but water, or sherbert, for the Egyptians are a temperate people.

After dinner a cup of coffee and a pipe are again presented. These are followed by a sleep during the heat of the day. When the sun has set, a hot supper is served, and the coffee and pipe a third time enjoyed. The evening is spent either in talking, and playing at chess at home, or in paying visits by the light of a lantern. Such is the useless life of an Egyptian grandee. The mind is never exerted by reading or writing, nor the body by any active employment or exercise. Five times a day the prayer-carpet is spread, and prayers are offered up, but these are only muttered, and repeated by rote.

The Egyptian ladies live in upper rooms, with latticed windows. None but ladies or their nearest relations are allowed to visit them. But they are allowed to go out; only they always wear a loose black silk wrapper, and a thick white veil,—so thick that the face cannot be

seen through it. Perhaps you wonder how, with such a veil, they can see to walk; they do not put it *over* their eyes, but just *underneath;* so that the veil hides the nose and mouth, leaving the large dark eyes uncovered. Those eyes are made to look still darker by being painted all round with a black kind of stuff called "kohl."

Great ladies generally do not walk, but ride upon asses. In the streets a whole train of ladies may often be met, sitting upon very high saddles. In this way they go to visit their friends, for they are not allowed to go shopping. (Women from the shop come to them with things to sell.)

A lady often lets her little child ride before her on the ass, but sometimes she bids a slave carry it. The child sits on the *shoulder* of the slave. It is curious that in Asia—children should be borne on the side, in America on the back, in Europe in the arms, while in Africa, as you see, they are borne on the shoulder. I do not mean to say that in *all* parts of Africa they are carried thus—but in *one* part they are.

In most countries mothers take delight in dressing their children fine—indeed too fine—thus making the little creatures vain and trifling; but in Egypt, mothers, shining in

silks, are often accompanied by children in old and shabby clothes. The reason is, that Egyptian mothers are afraid of the "evil eye." They suppose that evil spirits are envious of their little ones, and ready to do them harm, and therefore they are afraid of decking the children gaily, lest they should provoke them. No one dares admire a child in passing by, lest the evil spirits should hear. No mother dares praise her own child; she will not even say, "My child is strong and hearty."

An English lady once said to an Egyptian lady, "What a fine child that is!" Immediately the Egyptian looked alarmed, and exclaimed, "Bless the prophet!" It is thought that by blessing Mahomet the child may be preserved from evil. These poor Egyptian mothers know not of a Saviour's tender love for their babes, nor of the constant care that his angels take of the feeble creatures.

Knowing nothing themselves, they bring up their children in ignorance. All they ever teach their little girls, is to repeat a few prayers out of the Koran. The chief delight of the ladies is in adorning themselves in beautiful garments, and in painting their eyes with "kohl," and their hands with "henna" (which is a dark blue leaf). They amuse themselves also by embroidering handkerchiefs with elegant

patterns, and by making sherbert from various sweet fruits and flowers; one sort they make from violets. They also direct their slaves how to rub the marble floors, and to give them an exquisite polish. They have no better occupations than these.

SLAVES.

There were slaves in Egypt, three thousand years ago, when the poor Israelites were smarting beneath the lash of the taskmaster: and there are slaves there now. Some are black, and some are white. Every rich man has at least *one* black slave; but every rich man has not a white slave. It is only the great lords who can afford to buy white slaves. They are brought from Circassia and Georgia, in Asia, and are very expensive. In the houses of the great these fair slaves hand the trays of sherbet and of coffee, to the guests, while the black girls are employed in the kitchens in hard work. There are servants also in Egypt who serve for wages as in England; but they are very idle and unfaithful, and not at all like English servants.

The slaves often appear happy, because all sorrows are forgotten in time; but when first brought to Egypt they must suffer much grief.

One day an English lady was at a wedding feast in a beautiful palace; she was wandering from room to room amongst the gay company, when she observed a little girl sitting on the floor, crying bitterly, though quietly; her gentle head was resting on her hands, and the tears were rolling silently down beneath her fingers. In an affectionate manner the lady inquired what grieved her young heart? and, receiving no answer, she tried tenderly to remove the little hands from the weeping face; but the fair mourner only pressed them more closely to her cheeks, and refused to reply. Her grief was too deep to be told in words. She was a new slave. She felt alone in that merry party; her thoughts were with her mother, sitting at the spinning wheel in her Circassian cottage, amidst the green orchards, and the lambs, and the kids, sporting on the grass!

But it is the black slaves who have the most reason to weep, for they are treated the worst of all, and sometimes beaten to death.

THE CHARACTER OF THE EGYPTIANS.

The worst quality in any character is hypocrisy, and this is to be found in the Egyptian. In Egypt it is thought a credit to be religious, therefore every one tries to appear to be so.

A shopkeeper may often be seen standing before his door, repeating aloud verses from the Koran. The name of God is used upon every trifling occasion. If one friend offers some refreshment to another, he says, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful." People seem to think that they may do any wicked actions they please, if they only just say, "I beg forgiveness of God." A man will speak without shame of the lies he has told, and then just add, "I beg forgiveness of God," as if God was too merciful to punish his sins. The Mahomedans do not know that God is just, as well as merciful, and that he *must* punish sin. If they knew this, they would not be satisfied with their religion, which does not show how sin is blotted out by precious blood.

It is a rare thing in Egypt to speak the truth. There was an Egyptian, by trade a jeweller, who was a man of his word. His countrymen were so much surprised to find he spoke the truth constantly, that they gave him the name of "The Englishman." Thus, you see, that the English are *considered* to speak the truth; and indeed they *ought*, because they are instructed in the truth—even in the Word of God.

Though the Egyptians care little for truth, they care much for *charity*. They show their charity by giving to beggars, especially to the

blind. But they do not stop here, they even give to dogs and cats. Poor men will feed the dogs in the streets, and fill troughs for them with water. In one city the chief magistrate feeds all the cats, who like to come to a great court, and you may be sure that many attend.

The best part of the character of the Egyptians is "respect for the aged." They show respect to aged persons whom they meet in the street; much more do children show it to their parents at home. One mark of respect is kissing the hand. Children kiss their parents' hands; slaves venture only to kiss the sleeves of their masters.

THE COPTS.

They are the Christians of Egypt. When the Arabs conquered Egypt, more than a thousand years ago, the natives became Mahomedans,—except a few, whose descendants are still Christians. They may easily be known in the streets by their dark turbans, for they are forbidden to wear white turbans, such as the Mahomedans wear. It might be expected that these Copts would be very good, seeing they are descended from faithful men, who stood firm when so many fell; but they are not better than the rest of the nation.

Like the rest, they are *deceitful*, and they are *not* like the rest, *temperate*, for they are addicted to drinking brandy. What good then does the Christian religion do them, if it does not make them better than Mahomedans? But their religion scarcely deserves the name of Christian; it is so mixed up with errors.

The Copts count their prayers on beads—as the Roman Catholics do—they pray seven times a day, at particular hours, which is oftener than the Mahomedans, who pray *five* times; but the Copts do not say these prayers in *public*. In church they think it right to stand the whole time, and as they get much tired, they lean upon a crutch during the service. However, there is one point in which the Copts do well, for they teach their boys at school to repeat portions of Scripture in Arabic (the language spoken in Egypt), so that the children can understand what they learn.

THE WONDERS OF EGYPT.

There is a river in Egypt which may be accounted a wonder, for it is different from all other rivers. It waters the whole land, as the rain waters other countries. There is no rain in Egypt, and if it were not for this overflowing river, nothing would grow; but now the land

produces abundance of corn. The Nile is the glory of Egypt. Its waters are of a dark blue colour, and very sweet and wholesome. The Egyptians believe that there is no water like it, and many travellers say the same.

Every spring the Nile overflows, and for three months the waters are increasing, so that the whole country is like one great lake. Then the waters begin to dry up, leaving behind a rich black mud. A great deal of the water is kept from escaping by the *canals* that run through the fields in every direction, and which are stopped up by great banks of earth. From these canals people water the fields during the rest of the year.

The Nile is a wonder of God's creation. There are other wonders of man's making, far less wonderful, and far less useful, than the Nile.

The pyramids are great piles of stones. There is one much larger than the rest. It is possible to climb to the top, for the stones on the sides are uneven, like steps; yet the steps are so high that Englishmen find it very hard to clamber up such stairs; but some Egyptians can jump from stone to stone like goats, and they help travellers to get up and to get down. The top of the largest pyramid has crumbled away, so that there is a large flat place where

the climbers may stand and enjoy the vast prospect.

Picture of Pyramids.

But do you not inquire, what is the use of these pyramids? For a long while people were perplexed about it. At length an opening was found in the side of one of the pyramids. Then narrow, slanting passages were discovered; some went down and some up. When the traveller went down, he felt as if he were going down into a well, the way was so steep and dark; and to prevent slipping it was necessary to have a rope tied round his waist, and for a guide to hold one end of it. All the passages are inhabited by sleeping bats; they are as hot as an oven.

To what did the passages lead? To dark chambers. In the largest a stone chest was found; it had no lid, and it contained nothing but rubbish. What a disappointment to those who expected to find treasures, or, at least, the bones of ancient kings! For it is supposed that the proud Pharaohs, who once reigned over Egypt, built these pyramids for their tombs; but if they did, and if they were buried there, robbers must have stolen their bones and their treasures.

Several pyramids have been opened. In one there was found the bones of a *bull*, once the god of the Egyptians!

The three famous Cities.

Cairo is the royal city.
Alexandria is the trading city.
Thebes is the ancient city.

CAIRO.

This city was built by the Arabs, who conquered Egypt, and it shows that they did not know how to build a city, for such crooked and narrow streets are seldom seen. These narrow streets are more shady than wide streets would be—and that is an advantage in a hot

country—but then they are very close and much crowded.

As the Egyptians are fond of riding, the streets are full of camels and asses, which jostle each other at every step. In that great Chinese city, Canton, the streets are very narrow, but there no one rides, so that it is only *men* who throng the way; but in Cairo there are *beasts* as well as men. The noise is very great, through the bawling of the servants, who run before their masters to clear the way.

The worst evil is the, dust which is amazing, because only five showers fall in the course of the year, and there are sandy deserts all around Egypt. The dust renders many people blind.

There are two employments for which blind people are thought suitable. One is teaching children. Blind men, who know a great many verses of the Koran, keep schools, and teach the children to repeat their lessons after them.

Another employment for blind men is calling out prayer-time from the minarets (or towers) of the mosques. This is done, as you know, five times a day. It is thought best to get blind men to call out these hours, because when they stand on the high minarets they cannot see into the courts as other men would.

Inside the houses of Cairo there are multi-

tudes of enormous spiders, buzzing flies, biting mosquitoes. Nor are these the worst enemies; rats run boldly about the rooms; and snakes and scorpions creep slily in. Cairo might be a beautiful place, with its numerous gardens and magnificent mosques, but it is a most odious city. Lately, however, some fine wide streets have been built.

Seven miles from Cairo the pyramids begin, and extend for seventy miles along the banks of the river. As that part of Egypt is quite flat, these pyramids look like hills of man's invention; and what low hills they are, and what ugly hills, compared to those of God's creation!

ALEXANDRIA.

There was an ancient city of that name, built by Alexander the Great, but it lies in ruins, and another city has been built close to it. It is a busy city, for the harbour is crowded with ships; but it has a gloomy appearance, for it lies on the borders of the desert.

THEBES.

This is only a ruined city, many miles from the sea coast, among high mountains, far up

the great river Nile. Here kings once reigned in splendour, before the time of the Pharaohs, and before the building of the pyramids. Now the fierce hyena walks among the fallen pillars of ancient temples and palaces!

THE DYING BOYS.

An Egyptian mother once entreated a kind English lady to visit her little boy, who was very ill. The lady went. She saw a poor little creature lying in his nurse's arms, his body withered, one eye much inflamed, and a sore place behind his ear. He appeared to be much neglected, as Egyptian children generally are. His poor limbs were not washed, nor his wound dressed, nor his eye bathed. He was a miserable object. The lady sent a lotion, and desired his mother to apply it to the eye, and the ear, and to rub the whole body with it. The mother only used it once; she was not accustomed to give herself trouble, even for her own dear child. It is not surprising that the little fellow grew worse. At last he said to his mother, "I am going to die, but do not put me in the grave; I shall be afraid to be there alone—it is quite dark."

The child did not know that Christ receives the souls of believers the moment they leave

the body, and does not let them lie in the dark grave. His little heart would have been comforted had he known Jesus! But the mother did not know Him herself. She thought that the soul remained *one* night in the body, after it was dead, and that then it went to the other world. When her child died he was buried immediately in the large family tomb, which was a dark chamber, containing coffins. The mother chose to spend the *first* night there herself, saying, "My poor boy is afraid to be alone."

It was great love that made her willing to spend a night in a dark tomb! What a dismal night it must have been! A Christian mother need not undergo such sorrow as the poor Mahomedan endured. She has heard of the happy multitude, with golden harps and shining robes, who stand around the throne; but this Egyptian believed in Mahomet only, and not in Jesus and his salvation.

I will now speak of another Egyptian boy His name was Mahmoud Solimon Elketo. He was the son of a widow, and he loved his mother very tenderly; but the pasha took him away from her and sent him to England. This was a very cruel action, and yet it brought much happiness to the boy in the end. Mahmoud was only twelve years

old when he embarked for England. There was a mournful parting; his mother exclaimed, "To part with thee is hard, but most of all to see thee go to a country of 'dogs.'" This was the name she gave to Christians.

Nineteen youths accompanied Mahmoud. The Pasha forced them all to go, whether they wished it or not, because he desired to have some of his people educated in England; for he was wise enough to think England a much better country than Egypt.

Mahmoud cried bitterly during the voyage; but when he arrived in London he left off crying, that he might give all his mind to his studies, and be able soon to return to his mother. He remained a year at school, learning to read and write, and then he went to Portsmouth to learn to build ships. He inquired, "How long shall I remain here?" "Why are you in such haste?" was the answer. "Because I want to see my mother again."

All this time he did not believe in Jesus; but while at Portsmouth he listened attentively to a faithful minister, and by degrees he found out that Mahomet was a deceiver, and that Jesus was the Son of God.

Now he began to rejoice that he had ever come to England; yet still, when asked how

he liked the country, he replied, "I should like it very well, if my mother were here."

At last he caught a severe cold, and he became so ill that the doctors desired that he might be sent back to Egypt immediately. But he was too weak to embark. One day when he was recovered from a fainting fit, he said, "O how weak I am, I shall never see my dear mother!" Was he sorry that he had left her? No; he was heard to say, "What a happy thing it is to die in a Christian country,—to die in a Christian family,—to die in Christ!"

His last prayers were, "O Lord, receive me to thy arms! O Lord, receive me to thy everlasting joy! O Lord, receive my soul!" Thus Mahmoud passed through the valley of the shadow of death, at the age of eighteen years. Though he never returned to his mother's arms he was received into his Saviour's everlasting arms.

See "The Egyptian Youth," Religious Tract Society.

There are many prophecies concerning Egypt in the Bible.

God was angry with it on account of its pride.

One of the kings declared, "The river is mine and I have made it."

This was the sentence against Egypt: "It shall be the *basest* of the kingdoms;" and so it is at this day. Ez. xxix. 15.

But there is a promise for Egypt. God shall say, "Blessed be Egypt, *my people.*" Isaiah xix. 25.

Egypt *was* "the house of bondage."
Egypt *is* "the basest of kingdoms."
Egypt *shall* be "blessed."

Taken from Lane's "Modern Egyptians;" "Englishwoman in Egypt;" St. John's "Egypt."

NUBIA.

THOSE who wish to visit Nubia ought to go there in a boat, for there is no other pleasant way. The river Nile, which runs through Egypt, runs through Nubia also, but it does not look like the same river. The Nile in Egypt is a fine broad river, but the banks are low and sandy, so that there is no beauty in the views on either side; but the Nile in Nubia flows between high rocks of various forms, with waterfalls roaring like thunder amongst the little isles below, so that the scenery is grand. In some places it is

lovely, and there are beautiful palm-trees, laden with dates, close to the water's edge.

But the most interesting objects are the ruins of the temples. These temples were built thousands of years ago, even before the Israelites were slaves in Egypt. While Abraham was worshipping the true God at the altars he built in Canaan, the Nubians were worshipping their false gods in the temples they hewed out of the rocks.

There are also ancient tombs in Nubia, and these also are hewn out of the rocks. Some travellers who visited one of these tombs met with such adventures as few could bear to think of.

This tomb was dug in the side of a hill in the sandy desert. Some Nubian guides led the way, and the traveller followed. They crept through a narrow entrance, and, with lights in their hands, they passed through two dark chambers. They entered a third chamber. They found a pit in the midst. Just as they were going to let themselves down into it, ten thousand bats, wakened by their lights, began flying about, and striking against their faces. On looking up they perceived millions more hanging from the roof, and clinging to each other—mouths gaping,—eyes flashing,—wings flapping,—as if in a state of alarm.

But the creatures did not remain hanging from the roof; every moment more and more, leaving their places in the crowd, began to sweep through the air. Notwithstanding,—the travellers made their way through the flying troop, and went down into the pit, where they found another chamber, and narrow passages; but they were pursued by the bats, swiftly wheeling and whirling all around, till at last a cloud of them, passing by, put out all the lights with their wings. What a situation for travellers to be in!—in darkness, deep under ground, amidst a host of odious bats, some over head and some on the ground, on which they trod whenever they stirred a step! Happily they were able to light their tapers again. After wandering about a little more, without finding anything curious, they got out of the tomb, glad to breathe the fresh air, and to behold the light of heaven.

Since that tomb was dug, thousands of years have passed away. Nubia was then a heathen country. Afterwards it became a Christian country, and the ruins of a few churches may still be seen among the hills.

But what is Nubia now? A Mahomedan country. It has been conquered by Egypt, and it has followed the religion of Egypt; yet the people are so savage that they hardly know of

what religion they are. One of their delights is to dance by moonlight around large fires, and, as they dance, to play strange antics, and to make strange noises, acting more like demons than like men. As the traveller passes down the Nile, he sees these fires blazing on the heights after the sun has set.

There are many miserable villages among the rocks. The huts are of loose stones, thatched with dry stalks. The men wear white calico caps (not *red* like the Egyptians). Their garments are a shirt and trowsers. They are a fine race of people, tall and strong, and of a dark copper colour; their eyes are large and bright, their faces broad and round, their noses and their lips rather thick. Some have woolly hair, but others straight locks.

Picture of Nubian Girl.

The women wear a loose calico robe, and

they adorn themselves with necklaces of glass beads, and amulets of horn or brass. They first put on these amulets when they are children, and when they are grown up these amulets are so tight that they cannot be taken off, except with a knife. Also, the little girls wear pegs in their noses, to prepare them for holding nose-rings afterwards. Their black hair is matted together in long strings with oil, which, melting in the sun, drops down on their necks and cheeks, and soon becomes rancid; indeed their whole bodies are oiled to keep them from being scorched by the burning rays of the sun.

ANIMALS.—On the banks of the Nile enormous crocodiles lie basking in the sun, and far above—the timid and bright-eyed gazelle is bounding from rock to rock.

There is one very curious animal common in Nubia: it is the chameleon. This little creature is famous for changing its colour; sometimes it is of a dull green, at other times of a yellowish-brown. It is supposed that it turns this yellowish-brown colour when it is afraid. It is very wild when first caught, and hisses and struggles to get away, but it soon becomes tame, and then it is very useful, especially in hot countries, for, when annoyed by the flies, you may take the little creature in your hand,

and it will dart out its long tongue and catch them in great numbers. Yet it is a quarrelsome animal with its own species, for when several chameleons are shut up together they will bite off one another's legs and tails.

ABYSSINIA.

THERE is one reason why we should desire to hear about Abyssinia. It is the only Christian kingdom in *Africa*. There are places where missionaries have lately turned many of the natives to Christ, but Abyssinia is the only kingdom where Christianity is the established religion. It has been so for more than a thousand years.

But what sort of Christianity is found in Abyssinia? A Christianity very unlike the religion that Christ taught.

Let us first describe the country, and then inquire about the people.

Abyssinia in two respects is quite the contrary of Egypt: while Egypt is flat, Abyssinia is full of mountains; while it scarcely rains

at all in Egypt, there are two rainy seasons in Abyssinia, when the rain pours down with great violence. It is these rains and these mountains of Abyssinia which render Egypt so fruitful, for the streams pouring down the heights of Abyssinia, help to form that noble Nile, which waters the plains of Egypt. You may imagine, that a country full of mountains and streams must be beautiful.

THE PEOPLE OF ABYSSINIA.

There is no country where the natives are of so many shades of colour; some are almost black, and others almost white. The reason is, that the climate is so different in different parts; for the valleys are as hot as India, the mountains as cool as France. The people are a fine race, tall and strong; and even those who are black, have good features.

Caps and bonnets are never worn, nor hats, nor turbans, nor shoes nor sandals;—every one, whether man or woman, goes bare-headed and bare-footed. Yet the women wrap their heads in a thick sheet, and let it serve the purpose of a veil.

Every one wears white garments: the women wear a loose white gown and thick white

wrapper; the men wear short white trowsers, and a white upper garment. But when they lose their friends, they wear black clothes or yellow. Some are satisfied with rolling their white clothes in the mud, and making them black in that way

The women are fond of finery, as in other countries, and delight in rings and armlets of silver. They have also their own peculiar ornaments. Not content with their eyebrows, they pick out the hair, and paint a blue line where the eyebrow was; they smear their cheeks with red ointment, dye their hands and feet red also, and stop their noses with lemon-peel or some sweet scented sprig.

The men not only delight in copper and silver rings, but they take pride in an ornament which leads them to commit dreadful wickedness. Their chief glory consists in a sprig of asparagus in the hair, because it is the token of having slain an enemy; every one, therefore, who has never killed one, is on the watch for an opportunity of slaughter, even if it be only of a helpless child. Accordingly, every man has a sword lashed to his side, though its shape might lead one to mistake it for a reaping-hook. But it is not a sword *only;* it is used also as a knife to cut up meat at dinner. It is dreadful to think, that

men should carve their food with a weapon stained with human blood!

The food they carve is *raw* meat. They never roast or boil, and they laugh at other nations for *burning* their meat. Twice a day they sit down to their horrible repasts;—at noon and again at sunset;—and they devour the flesh with the eagerness of wild beasts.

Yet these barbarous men who delight in slaughter, attend to the dressing of their hair as much as the women,—either dividing it into ringlets, or frizzing it in bunches, and always soaking it in rancid butter.

Every man, woman, and child wears round the neck a silken cord of sky-blue, as a sign of being a Christian. This token is first put on at baptism, and it would be thought a sin to put it off. Thus, the same man may be seen with the tokens of Christ and of Satan. The blue cord is to show that he follows the Saviour; the sprig of asparagus that he follows the Murderer; one speaks of blood shed *for* him,—the other of blood shed *by* him.

GOVERNMENT.—Abyssinia was once a great empire, but savage enemies have filled it with confusion.

There are two kings. There is the king of the Northern part, and his capital is Gondar.

There is the king of the Southern part, and

his capital is Ankobar. He is called the king of Shoa, and he has a great deal of power over his people.

THE ROYAL BANQUET.—The king of Shoa gave a feast to his subjects in his palace at Ankobar.

The day of the feast was Easter Sunday; the hour was eight o'clock in the evening. The palace was no better than a great barn; the floor was covered with the skins of bulls, and the wall was adorned with the shields of warriors. At one end of the hall sat the king upon his throne, radiant with silver, and leaning on velvet cushions. There was a long table placed in the midst; it was made of basket work. There were no benches by the table, for it was so low that they were not needed. The guests sat upon the floor in three rows on each side of the hall. Thin round cakes were placed on the table to serve as plates.

Supper was not yet placed upon the table; there were indeed piles of bread there; and there were also bowls of broth, made of onions and fat, seasoned with red pepper, but this broth was only intended to give a relish for the food that was coming. At last it was brought in,—what was it? Food such as dogs would most delight in: raw, bleeding flesh, just torn from the limbs of beasts

newly killed. This food was contained in baskets, and was brought in by slaves; the beasts were killed at the very door of the hall; they were thrown down and their heads cut off with swords. The guests devoured this horrible repast with the eagerness of wolves; for they had fasted during forty days before Easter, having eaten nothing but stinging nettles, and a kind of vegetable called kail. They were therefore very hungry, and thought they could not eat too much.

Their drink was Mead (a liquor made of honey mixed with the bitter sap of a tree). This liquor, no one but the king is allowed to make. It was supplied in such abundance, that by midnight there was scarcely a man in Ankobar, who was not intoxicated,—except the king himself.

Both inside and outside the hall, the greatest riot prevailed: the shrill sounds of wretched harps, and pipes, and fiddles, mingled with the shouts of the intoxicated guests.

No one can describe the scene at the door of the hall;—the ground steeped in the blood of beasts, and trodden down by brutal revellers. Such was the manner in which Easter Sunday was profaned! what a strange way of honoring that evening, when Christ entered the room where his disciples were assembled, saying, "Peace be unto you."

Village in Abyssinia.

THE HABITATIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

If the palace of the *king* be no better than a barn, what must the houses of the *people* be like! They are more like sheds for cattle, than the dwellings of men.

The floors are of mud, and are freely trodden by mules and poultry. A chafing-dish is used to give warmth, and as there is no chimney, the walls are covered with soot. A fire is not needed for cooking, as cooking is despised. The beds are merely bullock skins, in which the people wrap themselves at night, after having

spent the evening in drinking many gallons of beer. The table is very low, like a round foot-stool, only larger, and made of wicker work. The candles are only rags dipped in grease, and give scarcely any light; but as the inmates do not employ themselves in reading or working, they only need a little light by which to drink their beer. There is no glass in the windows, but only shutters; therefore, when they are shut to keep out the wind and rain (which is often the case), the house is quite dark. There is no neat garden in front, but only heaps of rubbish; and water is never used to clean either the dwelling or those who dwell in it.

KING OF SHOA.

He is one of the greatest tyrants in the world. He has eight thousand slaves, all employed in his service at his different palaces; for he has a great many. He has about five hundred wives, and they are slaves. Every one who comes into his presence, is obliged to throw himself three times on the ground, with his forehead in the dust. The men take off their loose robe from their shoulders, as a mark of respect.

Yet the sight of the monarch's bed-chamber, might well surprise a stranger.

The King of Shoa.

It was a gloomy apartment, lightened not by windows, but by a chafing-dish, near which a cat and kittens reposed. Close to the monarch's bed three horses were eating from their mangers. The walls were of mud, lined with calico to keep out the wind; the mud floor was covered with rush matting. The seats were some black leather hassocks; but for the king himself there was a better seat,—a sofa with cushions. The doors had strong bars to keep out the king's enemies.

In this disorderly apartment there was one book—a part of the best of books—a book containing the Psalms of David. Who would have expected to see it there? It is still more surprising to hear that the king used to arise at

midnight to read in it for a little while; but it seems that he did so, in order to be very righteous, and not because he loved the word of God. How could the king delight in reading the Psalms, after an evening devoted to drinking mead?

Part of the day he spent as a king ought to spend it. For several hours he sat upon his throne, listening to the complaints of his people, and not refusing to regard the poorest, who found his way to the royal footstool. At three o'clock he dined *alone*, because too grand to dine with any others. After he had finished dinner, the doors were thrown open, and his chief friends and warriors sat down to a feast of raw meat. His majesty spent the evening hours, like his subjects in drinking; only with this difference; while they drank beer he drank mead. When he retired to rest, a band of priests, standing in the next room, began to sing hymns, or rather to howl and to scream. It was believed that these hymns would guard the king from evil spirits, and therefore all night long the stunning sounds were continued.

This king did other good deeds, besides reading the Psalms at night. He fed daily a thousand people, and he employed many of his own slaves in preparing their food; in his

bakehouse their bread—in his brewhouse their beer—and in his boiling-house, their red pepper soup.

But, notwithstanding all these charitable deeds, he was so much hated, that he was afraid of being killed; and, to defend himself, he kept a pistol concealed in his girdle, and had a band of warriors to guard his bed at night. So that, while the priests tried to keep away evil *spirits*, soldiers tried to keep away evil *men*.

But it is not wonderful that the kings of Shoa are hated, for they are extremely cruel even to their own relations. They always cause their uncles and brothers to be imprisoned, lest they should seize upon the throne. This king of Shoa (of whom we have been speaking) followed the wicked custom of his ancestors. His uncles and brothers had passed many years shut up in dark vaults,—never breathing the open air, except at night, when they were permitted to creep out of the door for a little while. Their only amusement in their dungeons was making ivory combs, and the wooden frames of harps.

Once when the king was suffering from a dangerous illness, an English ambassador visited his palace, and found him lying down and supported by pillows in a dark corner of

his verandah. His visitor took the opportunity to entreat him to set free his miserable relations. The king solemnly promised, that, if he recovered, he would set them at liberty. Promises made in sickness are often forgotten when health is restored; but the king of Shoa remembered his.

A day was appointed for the liberation of the prisoners. On that day the monarch was seated upon velvet cushions in his balcony, surrounded by his courtiers. At length the seven royal prisoners appeared; what a sight did they present! Having been shut up for thirty years, their limbs were become stiff and weak from want of use. In all that time they had never bounded over the lawn, nor climbed the steep rocks; but had only crept slowly about their narrow abode. They could not even stand upright, for they had worn a chain fastened round one wrist and one ankle, and this chain was so short that they had been obliged always to stoop:—and their eyes, accustomed to the gloom of the prison, could not bear without pain the light of day.

What miserable objects they appeared, as they entered, leaning upon one another, slowly shuffling along, stooping, tottering, and half shutting their eyes! In this manner they approached the throne, and threw themselves on

the ground at the monarch's feet. The chains were still upon their hands; yet in those hands they held a great number of combs and little harps, their own workmanship, and presented them as an offering to their sovereign.

The king now desired the chains to be struck off for ever.

All standing around rejoiced to behold the hateful chains unfastened, and the harmless hands liberated: *all* rejoiced—except those who had worn the chains; instead of rejoicing, *they* gazed stupidly around; for their minds had been nearly destroyed by their long captivity. They knew nothing, but how to carve harps and combs, for they had never been taught anything besides. The voice of laughter was strange to their ears, for they had passed their years in sadness, and almost in silence.

The king struck the strings of his poor brother's harp. That harp, if it could have spoken, would have said to the monarch, "Why could you so cruelly neglect *him* who made me—thy own brother?" But the courtiers loaded the king with praises for his generosity. He was highly satisfied with himself, and thought he had done a fine action in setting his relations free. Turning to the English visitors, he said: "Write

an account of all you have seen, and tell the British Queen, that though Abyssinia is far below her country, yet that there remains a spark of love in the heart of the king of Shoa."

Had the king been a true Christian, instead of glorying in the idea of his generosity, he would have been lamenting his past cruelty.

RELIGION.—Perhaps there is no Christian country in the world as ignorant as Abyssinia. How should the *people* know anything when the *priests* know nothing! Their chief employment is dancing and singing.

A priest may be known in a moment by his great white turban, his long beard, his black cloak, his crucifix, and his crutch. As the people wear no covering on their heads, the priest's turban looks very peculiar. It seems surprising that priests should wear turbans, as the Mahomedans are so fond of this head dress, and in general the Abyssinians avoid everything that the Mahomedans approve, for they hate and despise them, and wish to be as unlike them as possible. On this account they never smoke, nor drink coffee, nor wash frequently.

It would be well if they were like the Mahomedans in temperance, instead of giving themselves up to devouring raw flesh, and drinking beer to excess.

While the Abyssinians wear *white* garments, the priest is wrapped in a *black* cloak. Great reverence is paid to him by the people; his hand is always kissed as a mark of respect.

Why does the priest carry a crutch in his hand? Probably it is intended to represent a crook, and to show that he is a shepherd. In *former* days there may have been priests who fed the sheep like shepherds; but *now* the priests use their crutches in *dancing!!* The service in the church consists chiefly in dancing and singing.

See that little round white hut, with a thatched and pointed roof, thickly shaded by high trees. It is a church. Enter, but beware not to go too far in. The middle part is sacred, and may be trodden by none but priestly feet. There is a passage all round the building inside, where any feet may tread. The middle is so sacred that only the *chief* priest may approach, for there lies concealed the ark—which is the communion table. We see how these Christians have imitated the Temple of the Jews—and this is a great error—for the Jewish mode of worship ought not to be followed by us.

The morning service on Sundays begins at seven. The congregation, standing all round, gaze at the priests in the midst, drumming on their drums, tinkling with their timbrels,

brandishing their crutches, and accompanying their music with a loud howling. This noise is thought to be honourable to God. How different is it from the solemn prayers and hymns of the churches of England! After the wild clamour is over, the reading of the Scriptures begins. And are the Scriptures read? Surely this is well. It would be so, if the reading could be understood; but very few understand the language used, and those who do, cannot hear the words, because of the gabbling, muttering voices of the priests.

Besides the Scriptures, other books are read, full of absurd histories of the saints; but no sermon is ever preached.

It is not surprising that the priests read badly, for they think it quite enough to know their letters without understanding the language they are reading. A missionary was once trying to show a priest how he ought to read the Psalms. The priest read as fast as ever his lips could move.

"That is not the way to read," said the missionary, "such reading does no one any good, and moreover, it offends God. But have you *understood* what you have read?"

"Yes," replied the priest.

"Then tell me the meaning," said the missionary.

The cunning priest, supposing that the missionary did not understand the language of the book, *pretended* to translate. But the missionary *did* understand, and thus he detected the deceit.

"That is not the meaning," he exclaimed. "You do not understand."

The priest confessed that he did not.

Then the missionary began to warn this wicked priest. "You profess to teach others the way of salvation, when you do not know it yourself. Have you never heard how Jesus said:—'If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch?'"

There are a multitude of priests in Abyssinia; but of what use are such priests?

There is no land so full of churches, because to build a church is thought a sure method to save the soul. To every church there are twenty priests.

The Abyssinians find no comfort in their religion, though it is called Christian. They know not the way of salvation by faith in Christ, but they hope to be saved by good works.

Fasting is one of those good works. Though so fond of *feasting*, they keep two *fasts* every week. On Wednesday and Friday they eat nothing till evening, and then only boiled

wheat, or pea, or cabbage soup. They might eat fish, but they cannot often get it, as there are so many waterfalls from the hills, that the fishes are frightened away from the streams. Besides these weekly fasts, there are several fasts which last for many days. Lent is one of these fasts. On the whole, more than *half the year* is spent in fasting.

But then, to make up for all this *fasting*, there are two days in every week for *feasting:* these are Saturday and Sunday. These days they think were made for feasting, and upon them they eat an enormous quantity. They keep Saturday as a holy day, because it was the Jewish sabbath.

As *two* days in every week are spent in fasting, and *two* in feasting, *three* only remain for working,—Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday.

But though the Abyssinians fast so often, no one expects to go to heaven *as soon* as he dies; every one expects to go to hell *first*, either for a short, or for a long time. How dreadful the thought of going there *at all*,—if it were only for ONE DAY OR ONE HOUR!

The people live in continual fear of evil spirits, because they trust not in Him who has bruised the serpent's head. They dare not eat, without first shutting the doors, to keep

out the devils, and without lighting a fire to scare them away. They wear amulets or charms for the same purpose. The women (besides the sky-blue cord worn by all) have a red cord, as thick as a bell-rope, with a tassel, suspended to their necks. It is an amulet. Pieces of paper, containing sacred words, are concealed in it.

When a missionary was ill, he was much tormented by people pressing him to wear amulets, and assuring him that his sickness was caused by evil spirits.

Some hid amulets in his bed, while others tried by force to tie them round his neck; but he resisted with all his might. He pulled the hidden amulets from under his pillow, and threw them under the feet of his mule (which was close by his bed), saying to the people, "They are the work of the devil."

CHARACTER.—The Abyssinians seem to be very little better than heathens or Mahomedans; yet they are better in *one* respect. They are more *ashamed* of wickedness; they tell lies, but they are ashamed of them. Parents punish their children for stealing very severely. One mother, who loved her children very much, punished her little girl for stealing honey, by burning the skin off her hands and lips;—the hands that were thrust into the jar, and the lips that tasted the stolen sweets.

Children are trained up to behave well. One missionary declared that he never met with such interesting children anywhere else; they are so respectful, and so polite. They are early accustomed to be useful. The boys are sent to keep sheep upon the hills, and the girls are employed at home in fetching wood and water and in grinding corn. It is only the children of rich people who are taught to read, and then—it is only the boys. They are taught to read the Scriptures, but as it is in a language they do not understand, they might as well not learn at all. Very few are taught to *write*, as the use of the pen is thought a low employment. How different are the Abyssinians from the Chinese, who call their writing materials "The four precious things."

The kingdom of Shoa is the worst part of Abyssinia, on account of the number of slaves it contains. While in the *north* the men are building houses and tilling the ground,—in the *south* (that is in Shoa), they are lounging, gossiping, and drinking. The slaves are captured in savage countries, and are brought by thousands in caravans to Shoa. The drivers guard them on every side to prevent their escape, and urge them forward with their whips. Most of these slaves are children, torn from their parents' arms.

The Abyssinians are remarkably fond of presents. They call them "pleasing, and delightful things."

Fondness for eating is a common fault. The people eat most voraciously, taking as large mouthfuls, and making as much noise with their lips as possible; for they say, "None but a slave eats quietly."

They are not a brave nation. The sight of a wild elephant fills a whole troop of men with terror; and an Englishman who was not afraid to shoot one, was considered a wonder.

Yet they are very cruel; cruel—to *animals*, tearing limb from limb, and eating their bleeding flesh, while warm and quivering;—cruel to *men*, killing even the helpless children of their enemies, in order to gain the honour of a sprig of asparagus.

Nubia and Abyssinia are spoken of in the Bible, yet not by those names. They are called Ethiopia. The people are described as very dark, for it is written, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin? Then may you also do good that are accustomed to do evil." (Jer. xiii. 23.)

It is declared that they will some day worship God *in truth*.

The men of Ethiopia are remarkably tall.

In the Bible they are called "men of stature.' In chains they shall come over; they shall fall down and make supplication unto God. Isaiah xlv. 14.

Even now some of the Abyssinians are enquiring the way of salvation.

Once, a Swiss missionary, named Gobat, spent some time at Gondar. Many liked his words so much that they exclaimed, "O that you could be an Aboonee" (that is, a bishop or archbishop). They little thought when they said so, how soon their wish would be fulfilled.

A few years afterwards some Abyssinians visited Jerusalem (a city they deeply venerate). They had heard that a new bishop was appointed, and they were anxious to see him. When they beheld him, they perceived it was their own friend, Gobat, the missionary! He spoke to them in their own tongue —the Amharic. They were filled with joy—they were in an ecstacy of delight. They entreated the bishop to teach them. He spoke to them of Christ. They returned to their own country with the joyful tidings that *their* Gobat was Bishop of Jerusalem.

Soon afterwards another company of Abyssinians travelled to the holy city to be taught. The bishop received them with affection, and as long as they stayed he instructed them for

two hours daily. They returned home, and advised their countrymen to go up and learn. Company after company made the journey, and returned laden with the treasures of knowledge;—returned as that good Ethiopian did in old times, reading the word of God, and rejoicing in the way. See Acts viii.

Extracted chiefly from Harris's "Highlands of Ethiopia," and Gobat's "Abyssinia."

BARBARY.

Of all the countries in Africa this lies the nearest to Europe. Just at the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea there are straits only seven miles across. Thus, in one hour, a person may pass from Europe to Africa,—from the lands of learning, and light, and liberty, to the lands of ignorance, darkness, and slavery. It is true that there are *some* lands in Europe almost as dark as those in Africa; but many are quite different.

The inhabitants are called Moors, because the ancient name of the country was Mauritania.

If you crossed over from Spain into Barbary, you would be struck by the difference in the

dress; for while in Spain all are wrapped in *black* garments, in Barbary all are in *white*.

The Moor wears a white turban, with a red pointed cap. His girdle, vest, and trousers, are coloured, but they are concealed by his great *white* shawl, called a burnoose. He wears slippers, but no stockings. A Moorish lady wears nothing on her feet, but then she covers her face with a handkerchief, only suffering her eyes to be seen. She also is wrapped in a great *white* burnoose.

To give you an idea of the way of living in Barbary. I will describe the visit an English lady paid to a family in the country.

The house was situated among hills, where a few palm trees and bananas grew, and abundance of wild flowers. The master was waiting in his garden, but on perceiving the company he approached with a branch of banana in his hand. His name was Sidi Mahmoud. That word, Sidi, signifies "Mister."

At the door of the house two young girls welcomed the visitors. These were the daughters of Mahmoud. They were very much pleased to see company. Though they were in the country, they had very little liberty, not being allowed even to walk in the garden alone; indeed it would not have been safe to do so, as jackals and hyenas were often prowling about.

Zuleica, the elder girl, was fourteeen; Gumara, the younger, was only ten years old. Zuleica was dressed in a red shawl, and Gumara in a green. They each wore a little cap.

They conducted their visitor into a very large room, with a handsome Turkey carpet in the midst, and small carpets on the sides. There were no chairs in the room; but the girls brought a straw stool for the English lady, because they knew she was not accustomed to sit upon the floor. There were no ornaments on the walls, except two little frames, containing sentences from the Koran. The visitor was surprised to see a telescope at the window. Zuleica said she often amused herself in looking through it at the ships in the harbour. There was one little table in the room with a book and an inkstand upon it. The visitor was more surprised to see *these*—than the telescope, but she soon found that Zuleica could read and write her own language, the Arabic.

Though very pleasing in their manners, these two girls let it be seen that they were deceitful, and disobedient to their parents. It cannot be expected that those who only know the Koran, and believe in Mahomet, should do what is right.

The sisters tried to amuse their guest by

showing her over the house. In their own room a negress was at work, and she burst into a violent fit of laughter at the sight of the English lady. Zuleica opened her chests to show her splendid attire. She had more than twenty suits; the handsomest was of rich red silk, embroidered with gold. There were necklaces, also, of pearls and diamonds. Such are the delights of Moorish girls.

Gumara seemed now to think it was her turn to show her treasures, and she timidly asked to be allowed to bring out her dolls. These dolls were dressed like Moorish ladies, except one that was arrayed like the Turkish Sultan. All the garments had been made by Gumara herself.

In one little room coffee, sweetmeats, and fruits were prepared.

Towards the end of the visit the Mamma appeared. It may seem strange that *she* did not receive the guest instead of her little girls; but the wives of Mahomedans are treated with very little respect. The happiest part of a woman's life is spent in her father's house before she is married.

THE COUNTRY.—Barbary is a narrow slip of land by the sea-side. The famous mountains of Atlas divide it from the great desert of Sahara, and keep off some of the heat.

Barbary is a land full of streams, flowing from the mountains, and of flowers, covering the earth like a splendid carpet. The only thing wanting is trees, and there *once* were trees; but the Arabs have destroyed them to make room for their cattle to browse. But there still remain some groves of palms. The flowers make amends for the want of trees; the hyacinth, the jonquil, and the iris, display their bright colours; the red and white cistus smell sweet as roses; and the white and yellow broom upon the sides of the hills, look like snow and gold.

In Barbary there are some beautiful gardens, yet they are quite unlike English gardens. The walks are straight and broad, and covered with a trellis-work of reeds, grown over with vines. There are large square beds of fruit trees. In one bed there are pomegranate-trees,—in another fig-trees,—and in another orange-trees; while narrow rivulets run along the borders. These are the gardens in which the Moorish ladies walk.

ANIMALS. — Barbary horses are almost as famous as Arabian; they are as strong, but not as swift.

There is a great variety of wild beasts in Barbary—the jackal, the hyena, the wolf, the leopard, the panther, and, more terrible than

all, the lion. The cry of a hundred jackals, though horrible, does not alarm like the roaring of one lion. In the midst of the night it is heard, and sounds like distant thunder!

Yet lions are sometimes made into pets and playthings, for they can be tamed when they are young. A gentleman went to call upon a French family in Barbary. He knocked at the door of the room, and immediately a voice within said, "Come in." He opened the door, but soon shut it. Why? He saw two lions walking about loose. But the lady came to the door, and begged him to come in, assuring him that the lions were quite tame. The gentleman felt *he* ought not to be afraid if a *lady* was not; so he entered the room and sat down,—when, behold,—one of the lions came and laid his great shaggy head upon his knee! This was almost too much: it seemed fearful to have those strong jaws so close. The lady (who was seated on the divan, with the other lion beside her), observing the uneasiness of her guest, called away the lion. Very glad the guest was to get rid of such a pet, and still more glad to find himself again out of the room where it was.

These lions were seven years old.

MOROCCO.

This part of Barbary lies opposite to Spain. There is an Emperor of Morocco. He is a great tyrant. When he rides out on horseback, a horseman by his side holds a crimson umbrella over his head to shade him from the sun; and two men, each holding a long lance, walk before. What for? To pierce through immediately any one whom the Emperor condemns to die.

The name of Morocco reminds us of the most beautiful sort of binding for books. It is made of the skin of goats; and the Moors have a method of preparing the skin, and of making it into the most delicate leather.

ALGERIA.

This part of Barbary has been conquered by the French.

The capital is Algiers.

Many of the mosques have been turned into Roman Catholic churches; just as, a thousand years ago, churches were turned into mosques.

TUNIS.

This province is governed by a Bey. The Sultan at Constantinople calls him his servant, but he says he is his own master.

Tunis is the largest city in Barbary; yet so narrow are the streets, that no wheeled carriage can pass along; and so muddy are they in rainy weather that people walk on stilts.

Taken from "A Lady's Diary," "Pillars of Hercules," and St. Count Marie's "Algeria."

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE CAPE COLONY.

HAVE you ever remarked the shape of Africa? Broad at the top, it ends in a point. In *this* respect it resembles a pear; though, in other respects, of a different shape. The point is called the Cape of Good Hope. It is the most famous Cape in all the world. The name Good Hope was given to it by the first sailors from Europe that sailed by it; they were delighted they had got so far, and they felt a *good hope* of reaching India; nor were they disappointed in their hope, for that Cape is on the way to India. These sailors were from Portugal.

Afterwards, sailors from Holland came to the Cape, and a great many Dutchmen settled in the land. They found it a pleasant land, not too hot for the vine, nor too cold for the sugar-cane. All around the Cape, for many

miles, there are farms belonging to Dutchmen. These Dutchmen are called "Boors." There are farms also belonging to Englishmen; for the Cape *now* belongs to England.

It is called a colony, because it is inhabited by *people* from another land, and because it belongs to the *sovereign* of another land. It is an English colony.

The Cape Colony grows larger and larger, and now it reaches six hundred miles to the north of the Cape.

THE HOTTENTOTS.

The Cape of Good Hope was once inhabited only by Hottentots, a miserable race of people, often called, in contempt, "Totties." They are about five feet high; they have woolly hair, little twinkling eyes, flat noses, high cheek-bones, thick pouting lips, and yellow skins. They are weak and thin, and have small hands and feet. Their language is very harsh, and has a click in it, made by striking the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and their speech sounds something like the gobbling of turkeys.

Once these Hottentots were a savage people; but *now* those living near the Cape are not savage. *Once* they were thickly covered with grease, and wrapped in sheep skins, but *now*

the men wear jackets and trowsers, and the women dress in gay-coloured cotton gowns, and twist a red handkerchief round their heads. They have even left off their clicking language, and speak Dutch or English in their broken manner. They have left off, also, their savage manners; they used to tear open a sheep with their hands, and suck its warm blood, like tigers; then—cut up its flesh in strings, just heat them for a minute on the ashes, and then let them down their throats, as they would let down snakes.

But have they left off their wicked practices? They used to drink to excess, and they do so still; they used to delight in idleness, and they do so still; they used to tell lies, and they do so still.

Have not the Dutch boors, who have lived among them so long, taught them about God, and his holy laws? O no; these boors have treated the Hottentots like beasts. They said they were *almost* beasts. How can that be? If the Hottentots have souls they are as precious in the sight of God as we are. However, the boors found these Hottentots were more *useful* than beasts, and they set them to watch over their sheep and their goats.

When the English came a law was made to force the Boors to set the Hottentots free. This

law made the Boors very angry, and many of them went to live higher up in Africa, beyond the bounds of the colony, where they could do as they pleased.

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE JEJANA.

Jejana was a little Hottentot girl; she was early left an orphan, and became the servant of a Dutch boor. Of course no one taught her or cared for her. She had never seen a church, nor heard of God, except when his name was taken in vain.

One day she went on a journey in a waggon, with her master and mistress, and she came to a town where there was a church. Now her mistress had brought one of her little grandchildren with her, and she wished to have it baptized; therefore she stopped in this town, and, as it was Sunday, she went to church, and she took Jejana there. But she did not let the little Hottentot sit near her. Jejana stood in the aisle. With great wonder she saw the people kneel, and stand, and heard them pray and sing; she knew nothing about the reason of what they did, for she had never been told. At last she saw the minister get up into the pulpit. She listened while he uttered, with a solemn voice, his short text—"I know thy works." She heard him say, that some people

did bad works, such as stealing, railing, swearing, and lying. She heard him say again that God was angry with all who did such things. Then she felt very much frightened; she thought the minister had heard of all her naughtiness; she thought he was looking at her, and she tried to hide herself behind a pillar. She even thought the minister was God.

When the sermon was over, Jejana followed her master and mistress out of church. The minister had kindly invited the travellers to dine with him. Jejana helped to wait at dinner, and stood behind her mistress's chair. You may imagine how much frightened she felt when she found herself so near the man she thought was God. She soon found out he was not; but still she was frightened because she knew there was *somewhere* a God who was angry at wickedness.

After dinner the minister began to ask Jejana a few questions. No one had ever asked her such questions before. "Have you been to church to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you understand?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know there is a God?"

"I have often said that name when I swore

and cursed, but I know nothing about him; tell me who he is?"

"God is a Spirit. He is everywhere. He hears all you say, and sees all you do. Do you know you have a soul?"

"No, sir."

"Your soul is in your body; it thinks. Sometimes it feels glad, and sometimes sorry. It can never die. When your body dies, your soul will either be happy with God, or else it will be cast into hell to burn for ever in the fire."

"O, sir, what shall I do? I have only done naughty things all my life?"

"Come, come, Jejana," said her mistress,—and Jejana was obliged to go without hearing another word.

How sad she felt as she was travelling in the waggon! but there was no one to whom she could tell her grief. When she arrived at her master's house, she did her work in the kitchen with a heavy heart. She was afraid God was angry with her, and this made her miserable.

One day she saw an old black man in the kitchen, and she heard him say he had been to church lately. It came into Jejana's mind to ask him about her soul. The old man kindly listened to the poor child, and gave her this advice.

"Pray to God to help you."

Jejana answered, "Pray! what is praying? Tell me how to pray."

"Go in a place all alone, my child, and say, 'O God, help me; O God, teach me.' He will hear you,—indeed he will."

Jejana was very glad to know that she might pray, and she did not like to wait a moment; so putting down the dish that was in her hand, she ran behind a bush, and cried, "O God help me, O God teach me, for David says thou wilt."

David, you see, was the name of the old black man. Jejana prayed in *his* name, for she did not know of the name of Jesus—that name which is above every name, and through which we obtain favour with God.

But God heard Jejana's prayer, and soon he helped her and taught her. How?

It was the custom of Jejana's mistress to read the Bible aloud in the great room where the family sat. Jejana tried to be in the room when her mistress was reading, and she brought hot water to wash her master's feet, just at that time. But her mistress soon forbade her to do this, saying it disturbed her. Are you not surprised that a woman who read the Bible could be so cruel? But many read that holy book only as a form, or in order to seem good.

One day, however, Jejana was churning at the end of the great room, when her mistress began to read. These words were in the chapter: "Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find." On hearing this promise, Jejana cried out, "Whose words are those?" Her mistress answered, "They are not for *you*." O what a cruel, what a false answer! Jejana believed that those words were for her, though she did not know they were the words of Jesus.

At last she told her mistress that she longed to go to some place where she might learn about God.

"Are you mad, Jejana?"

"O dear mistress! I want to go and learn about God, for if I stay here, I shall die."

"DIE, THEN," said her mistress, "for what are you better than a beast."

"O mistress! I have a soul; the minister told me so; and I feel that if I stay here without God, I shall die, and go to hell."

"If you ask again," replied the hard-hearted mistress, "you shall be beaten from head to foot."

Soon afterwards Jejana escaped, and went to the town where she had heard the minister preach. His text this time was, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." *Now* Jejana heard how Jesus had died for her

upon the cross, and how ready he was to pardon her sins, and to receive her as his child. *Now* Jejana felt relieved of the burden of sorrow, that had so long pressed her down.

Next day her old master came to the town to claim her as his slave; but when he set the case before the judge, he could not prove that the poor girl was a slave (for in truth she was *not*), and he was obliged to return home without her. Jejana became a servant in a Christian family, and became also a devoted servant to Jesus Christ her Saviour.

Here is an instance of the truth of God's promise, "Ask, and ye shall have."

Let none suppose that *all* the wives of Dutch boors are like Jejana's mistress. No, there are some who are kind and pious.

There are no slaves *now* at the Cape. The Hottentots are hired as servants.

There is an army too of Hottentot soldiers; they look like a school of boys—they are so small—but they are useful in defending the country, because Englishmen are their commanders.

THE COUNTRY.—Near the Cape the trees are cut down, the streams are dried up, the grass is burned up; but there are splendid FLOWERS.

The aloe plant is twice the height of a man, and is crowned with large scarlet flowers. At

a distance a clump of aloes looks like a regiment of soldiers. The plant is not well known in England by *sight*, but it is by *taste*, for it is a common and very bitter medicine.

A journey in South Africa is very tedious and toilsome. The travellers go in a waggon, for they have to take everything with them,—beds and blankets,—kettles and saucepans,—and these occupy much room. Oxen draw the waggons, and twenty are not too many for one waggon, though sometimes there are only ten or twelve. At night the oxen are let loose to find grass and water for themselves.

In going over the KLOOFS the poor oxen sometimes die from fatigue. These kloofs are the prettiest places in the Cape. They are narrow valleys, through which a narrow stream flows, overshadowed by trees and adorned by flowers. There is one place, called Kradok's Kloof, which frightens the traveller when first he beholds it. He gets out of the waggon, and sees the oxen drag it down the road, which is almost a precipice ; then he sees them mount the other side, which is almost as steep as a wall. Scattered about the road are the bones of oxen that have expired while in the act of drawing up waggons.

WILD ANIMALS. — Before the Dutch and English settled near the Cape, there were a

Picture of Kradok's Kloof.

great number of wild animals there ; but now the creatures have taken alarm, and have retired to the inner part of the country.

Beyond the great Orange River the plains are covered with troops of wild animals.

There are the ostriches with snow-white tails, the *largest* of birds. They run more swiftly than a horse can gallop, because they have wings to help them on.

The long-necked giraffes, the *tallest* of animals, quietly crop the bushes.

The spring-boks, the most *active* of *beasts*, walk through the land. They are a kind of deer, and therefore beautiful. They are called *spring*-boks because they are bucks (or stags) that *spring*. When pursued, they bound along the plains, and spring in the air twice the height of a man They could leap over a wall twelve feet high; but there are no walls, nor even hedges, in the wilds which they frequent. Such immense numbers go together, that they cover the land for miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach, and yet they are all as close together, as a flock of sheep in a fold. If we could imagine all the people of England walking together in one company, then we could have an idea of a herd of sprink-boks. The farmers are terrified, when they see them coming, fearing lest their own sheep and cows, should have nothing to eat.

Besides the innumerable spring-boks, there are the enormous elephants, tearing down the branches as they pass through the forests. Hunters go out against them in hope of obtaining their tusks, which are so valuable as ivory.

Though the elephant is the *largest* of animals, he is not the *strongest*. The rhinoceros is the *strongest* of animals. He is more terrible

than the elephant, not only because he is stronger, but because he is FIERCER. Yet he does not eat men. He feeds on grass and thorny bushes; but then he is of so surly and furious a temper that he often beats the bushes in his rage, and tears up the ground with his one horn. When offended, he pursues his enemy, that he may rend him to pieces, but he will not eat him. He even makes the lions to fear and to flee. He is not sociable like the elephant; he likes to roam about *alone*, while elephants go in companies. It is a happy thing that so fierce an animal prefers being alone, for *several* such creatures, when angry, would be terrible indeed. As he is very lazy and sleepy he would easily be slain, strong as he is, if it were not for some little birds that follow him, in order to feast on the insects that crawl over his stout hide. These birds follow him wherever he goes, and watch near him while he is asleep, and when they see an enemy approaching they wake him by pecking him with their bills.

The beast that men fear the most—abounds in Africa—the man-eater—the LION. Lions often walk in families—the lion, the lioness, and the cubs. Sometimes seven or eight friendly lions may be seen in company. Lions sleep during the day; in the evening they be-

gin to grumble, and at night they roar as loud as thunder. If any wish to meet with lions, they must go to the fountains at night, and they will see them come there to drink. There are some hunters so bold as to dare to go there, on purpose to meet the lions.

But lions often come when they are not wanted, nor expected. A party of travellers were sitting one night on the ground, resting, and going to sleep. They had left their waggons and loosed their oxen, and they had lighted fires, in hopes of keeping off wild beasts; but the fires were too small. The party consisted of a Scotch gentleman and some Hottentot servants. Suddenly a tremendous roar was heard, and the Hottentots cried out, "The lion, the lion!" The lion instantly seized one of them as his prey. He grappled him in his claws, and bit him about the shoulders while feeling with his mouth for the man's neck. The poor fellow faintly cried, "Help me, help me! Men, help me!" One of his companions snatched a piece of flaming wood from the fire, and with all his might struck the lion on the head, but the ravenous creature would not let go his hold. Dragging his prey by the neck towards some bushes, he hid himself in the midst; but he could be heard cracking the bones between

his teeth. There he lay feasting all the night. When the morning came, he went off with part of the body to another hiding-place.

That afternoon the Scotch gentleman, with several armed men, went on horseback to slay the murderous beast. They tracked his steps by bits of the poor Hottentot's green coat, scattered on the path, and afterwards they found the remains of the coat itself. At last they discovered the retreat of the lion. Amongst a heap of reeds under the trees he was lying. The dogs barked,—and he rushed out,—not to attack, but to flee. The dogs pursued; the lion turned and faced them, growling angrily, lashing his tail from side to side, and opening wide his terrible jaws, still reeking with human blood. At this awful moment the Scotchman leaped off his horse and fired. A bullet pierced the lion through the shoulder;—he dropped down, but soon rose again. Another bullet pierced his heart, and he sank lifeless on the ground. The hunters cut off *that* head and *those* fore-paws with which he had seized their comrade.

CAPE TOWN.

This is the capital of the Cape colony. It was built by the Dutch, and there are still many Dutchmen living there, as well as Englishmen. There are also many Hottentots, but they no longer look like savages, and they are useful as servants.

Behind the town there is a very steep mountain, called Table Mountain; for it has such a broad flat top that it resembles a *table*. A white mist may often be seen hovering over it, and that is called the *table-cloth*. There are few mountains so difficult to ascend as this; its sides are almost perpendicular.

GNADENTHAL, OR GRACE VALE.

This is a sweet spot about a hundred miles from Cape Town, where missionaries live amongst Christian Hottentots. These missionaries came from Germany, and are called Moravian. After travelling over the brown and bare wilds, how refreshing to catch the first glimpse of the groves and gardens of Gnadenthal! The cottages peep out from among the tall poplars and spreading oaks, while the church rises in the midst. Sweeter songs than those of birds may often be heard

among the trees—hymns sung by the melodious voices of Christian Hottentots.

Heathens are invited to come to this village. When a heathen family arrive, they are desired to build a hut and to plant a garden for themselves, and they are told to attend both school and church,—the parents as well as the children. By degrees they leave off their savage ways, and often they become true Christians.

There are no public-houses to allure the poor man to his ruin.

The missionaries live in cottages like those of the villagers. The two chief missionaries are employed *entirely* in teaching and preaching; the rest work at some trade, and train the Hottentots to work. One is a cabinet-maker, another is a tanner, another a wheelwright, and another a cutler. One missionary is head gardener, and takes care of the great missionary garden. The missionaries and their families dine together every day in a great hall. Their food is very simple;—chiefly fruit and vegetables out of their own gardens, with wine made from their own grapes. Nearly three thousand Hottentots dwell in Gnadenthal.

THE BUSHMEN.

They are Hottentots, but the most miserable of the race. A Bushman lives like a wild animal among the bushes. He has no hut, and no cattle; he has only a few things, such as he can carry about with him.

When a family are travelling, the man holds in his hand a spear, and on his back his bow and arrows; his wife carries the baby, as well as an earthen pot for cooking, and some ragged skins for a bed, and some eggs full of water. These eggs are ostrich eggs,

Bushman, with spear and arrows.

very large and hard; they are pierced with a little hole, which is stopped with grass. Thus they supply the place of bottles. They are carried in a net bag. The Bushmen show some cleverness in finding out such a way of carrying water and eggs. But they have no thought, except about getting food, and defending themselves from foes.

Their food is anything they can find,—roots and berries, and animals of all kinds, even lizards, hedgehogs, mice, and snakes. They will even eat poisonous snakes, but not the *poison*. They cut off the snake's head, and take out the bag of poison under its teeth. They know how to use that bag,—they mix it with the juice of a poisonous plant, and boil it on the fire; they dip the points of their arrows in it, and with these arrows they fight against their enemies. As they are great robbers, they have many enemies. Having no cattle of their own, they seize the cattle of the Hottentots, and of the Dutch boors whenever they can.

The Bushman has no house; where then does he sleep at night? His best lodging is a cave; but when *that* is not to be found, he sleeps in the middle of a large bush, or in a hole in the ground, covered with reeds.

What unfortunate beings are the children of

such creatures! while they are babies the mothers take care of them, but as soon as they can crawl about they are left to take care of themselves. Every morning they are turned out in the wilds to find their own food; but when they return in the evening, a little meat or milk is given to them (if there is any), and they are allowed a place on the sheep-skin at night.

The Bushmen beat their children cruelly, and sometimes kill them in their rage. Their is an instance reported, of a father who acted in a still more barbarous manner. A lion came at night to this Bushman's hole, and refused to go away without a supper; the unnatural father threw one of his little ones to the wild beast to satisfy its hunger, and make it go away. This parent was a monster of cruelty; when the children grow up, they also are monsters, for they leave their helpless old parents all alone in the desert, to be starved to death, or devoured by beasts.

The Bushmen's children are often stolen by the Hottentots, and sold to the boors as slaves. As these children are generally wandering far away from their parents, it is easy to steal them. The little Bushmen are more miserable with their Dutch masters, than they are when roaming about the country, getting food as they can.

Once a Scotch traveller found a little boy hidden among the reeds. He was a Bushman slave that had run away from his master. Had he remained there much longer, no doubt the lions would have eaten him. The Scotchman bade him follow him, and treated the little fellow with much kindness. But the Dutch boor heard where he was, and sent a man on horseback to fetch him, and another horse to carry him back. The child was dreadfully frightened when he saw the horses arrive; but his Scotch master refused to let him go. The boy was delighted to see the man ride away without him, and he called out, "You wanted to get me, but you have not been able; my new master will not let you have me." This boy did not know that he ought to thank God for his deliverance, for no one had taught him.

Though Bushmen are counted among the most stupid of men, yet they can do many things better than any other Hottentots. When they shoot their arrows, they seldom miss the mark. They can climb rocks so steep, that no human foot could follow them, and they can run very nearly as fast as a horse can gallop.

They have learned to do these things well, because they have had occasion to run fast,

and to climb high rocks, to get out of the way of their enemies, as well as to get food. They expect everybody to hate them, and nothing surprises them so much as kindness.

A friend, who saw their little ones gnawing hard roots, recommended them to keep a few goats, to give milk for their children. "*Keep* goats," said they, "we never *keep* them; we *eat* them. Who ever heard of a *Bushman* keeping goats!" And then they laughed heartily at the idea. Their kind friend determined to give them a few. The Bushmen were delighted. They had never received a present before, and could hardly believe that any one would give anything to *them*. They did keep the goats, and fed their children with the milk. They were so grateful to their friend, that they walked many miles to his chapel to hear him preach.

Another time, a missionary made a large cake, and invited some Bushmen to come and eat it. But when they were come, they would not touch it; they thought there was poison in the cake. It is one of their own wicked practices to poison food and water, and they suspected the missionary of being as wicked as themselves. This is natural. People generally suspect others, of what they would do in their place. In order to show the savage

guests that the cake was not poisoned, the missionary took a slice himself, and began eating it;—then the Bushmen ate also. While they were eating, their friend told them of the Bread that came down from Heaven, to give LIFE unto the world, and the poor creatures seemed glad to listen.

Have the Bushmen any God? None but an INSECT! It is a curious insect, about the size of a child's little finger, and it builds itself with straws a little house. In this house it lies, as a dog in a kennel, with its head and fore-paws peeping out. When it moves, it carries its house with it, and in this way it climbs the branches. SUCH IS THE BUSHMEN'S GOD! To it—the parents teach their children to pray. The greatest honour any one can receive, is for this god to light upon him; he is then reckoned a very happy man. The greatest sin any man can commit, is to kill one of these creatures. A young German, having caught one, told the Bushmen he was going to kill it. The foolish people threw themselves on the ground in agony, and with tears and cries, entreated the stranger to let it go; and when it was set free, they jumped for joy.

When missionaries first told the poor Bushmen of the true God and Saviour, they were much astonished, and they wondered they

could have lived so long without hearing of him. Some were so sorry for their sins, that they could not sleep for awhile, but could only pray and weep. Here is the prayer of one of the Bushmen, in his own words.

"O Lord Jesus Christ, thou hast made the sun, the moon, the hills, the rivers, and the bushes; therefore thou art able to change my heart. O be pleased to make it quite new."

This prayer would suit every child who hears it, though it was a Bushman who made it.

Extracted from Moffat, Napier, Gordon Cumming's Travels, and Smith's History of Missionary Societies.

THE CAFFRES.

THESE people live very near the Hottentots, yet they are not at all like them, for they are tall, strong, and fine-looking men. Their skins, instead of being yellow, are of the darkest brown; their features are good, and their understandings also. They are not timid like the Hottentots, but bold and fierce. The Dutch boors have not been able to make slaves of *them*. Yet they are savage and ignorant.

The only dress of the men is a cloak made of the skin of an ox. A chief may be known by his cloak of leopard's skin. The Caffres

think a great deal of their appearance; but they wish to look terrible, rather than handsome. For this purpose they make their woolly hair stick out as much as possible, and they smear both their hair and their bodies with red paint. In their hands they hold a large spear, which they can throw to a great distance.

The women also wear skin cloaks, but they wrap themselves up closely in theirs, and they cover their heads with an ox-skin cap, adorned with brass buttons. The babies are put in a skin bag, and slung on the mother's shoulder.

The Caffres dwell in huts of the shape of a bee-hive, with one low door, and without chimney or windows. They possess herds of cattle: they eat the flesh, drink the milk, and wear the skins.

The women do all the hard work. They plough,—they sow,—they reap,—they mow,—they build;—and the men do nothing when at home, except milk the cows; but they are often out hunting or fighting. A man is not ashamed to lie upon the ground, while his wives are exerting all their little strength in rubbing the wetted ox-skins to make them soft and fit for cloaks. Those poor women are worse used than the oxen they tend. They are worse fed too, and are always thin and miserable,—stinted in their growth, and stooping in their figures.

Yet they are so useful as slaves, that the price of a wife is ten oxen.

Cruelty is the chief vice of the Caffre. It is shown in his treatment of his aged parents, and even of his sick children.

A little girl, sleeping in a hut, was once seized by four hyenas. The neighbours heard her screams, and ran after the creatures, and obliged them to leave go; but the child was dreadfully bitten. When her parents saw her terrible wounds, they feared that she would die, and as Caffres cannot bear any one to die in their hut, they took her into the woods, and left her there all alone to perish. The little sufferer remembered having heard that missionaries were kind. She knew where one lived, and she managed to crawl to his hut. Nor was she cast out when she reached the door. The kind missionary dressed her wounds with tender care. The child recovered, and became a Christian.

How must those treat their *enemies*, who cast out their own *children!*

The Caffres tear out the inside of their enemies, and eat part of them. When they take women prisoners they are anxious to get their brass rings off their fingers, and, finding that they will not come off easily, they cut off the women's hands. It is common to see poor

women walking about with one or both hands missing. It would be better far not to wear rings, than to run the risk of being thus treated.

Their behaviour at feasts resembles that of the Abyssinians. They slaughter the oxen on the spot, and eat their bleeding flesh while quite warm; only they do not eat it quite raw as the Abyssinians do, but throw it for a few minutes on the hot ashes to broil.

The most horrible of all their customs is *this*:—when a man becomes a chief he is washed first in blood! In what blood? In human blood. In whose blood? In the blood of his *nearest relation!*

There was a man named Faku going to be made chief. His brother knew that his blood would be wanted; so he went and hid himself. He lay a long while in his hiding-place, and suffered a great deal from hunger; but though many searched for him, none could find him. A missionary, meanwhile, went to Faku and pleaded for his brother's life; at last he obtained a promise that whenever the brother should be found he should be spared. The brother heard of the promise in his hiding-place; so he came out, and he was not slain.

After hearing of the cruelty of the Caffres, will you not be surprised to hear that they do not think that they have sinful hearts? When

a missionary talked to them about God who made the world, and about heaven and hell, they listened with wonder; but the moment he said that they had sinful hearts, they all burst out into a loud laugh.

Capai is the name of a Caffre chief. His best dress is made of monkeys' tails: that is a grand dancing dress, and is not worn every day. On dancing days he adorns his head with the feathers of a crane, and his legs with the hairs of a cow's tail. In his hand he car-

Picture of Chief Capai.

ries a small club, with which he can kill birds flying in the air.

A missionary once visited Capai in his hut, and found him sitting before the fire. Capai was a tall man, very lively, and clever. The missionary asked him many questions such as little children in England could answer; but Capai, clever as he was, could not.

"Who made the sun, moon, and stars?"

The chief seemed puzzled, but, after thinking a little while, he replied, "They come of themselves."

"Where does the soul go when it leaves the body?"

"I cannot tell."

The missionary told him; but the chief did not believe him.

In one part of the hut an old woman was lying on a mat. She was a witch, and pretended to do wonders, and she deceived the chief. Once she took it into her head for several months to crawl upon her hands and knees like a four-footed creature; and this she did only that people might think her wonderful.

It is a fearful thing to live in the midst of the Caffres. Many of the Dutch boors have been slaughtered, as well as some of the English settlers,

The chief town is called

GRAHAM'S TOWN.

It was built by the English. English soldiers are sent there to guard it from the Caffres.

Once an English officer observed a little boy sitting under a fig-tree, watching over some thin, wretched looking oxen. He saw by his round and rosy face, his blue eyes, and light hair, that he was not a Caffre child, but probably an English one. He said to him, "My lad, what are you doing all alone in this wilderness?"

"I'm herding oxen, sir."

"To whom do they belong?"

"To my grandmother."

"Where does she live? for I see no cottages near; the Caffres seem to have destroyed them all."

"Up the valley yonder," replied the little ox-herd. "The Caffres came and set fire to our house, and killed father, but we had nowhere else to go; so grandmother and I went on living there."

"And where is your mother?"

"She died broken-hearted after they had killed father."

"And are you quite alone with your grandmother?"

"Yes," answered the orphan.

"But suppose the Caffres come again some night, what do you think they would do?"

"I suppose they would kill us."

"Are you not afraid?" inquired the officer.

"No, that would be of no use."

Poor little unprotected orphan! The psalms of the sweet singing shepherd boy would suit his case.

"I will both lay me down, and sleep, for Thou only makest me dwell in safety."

There are a great many missionaries amongst the Caffres, and they have turned a great many heathens from their cruel ways, to the ways of peace and love.

THE ZOOLUS.

They are a tribe of Caffres, and the fiercest of all. They are the darkest for they live nearest the equator; some of them are almost black, but the usual complexion is dark chocolate.

They have a very strange way of dressing their heads. Instead of making their hair stick out as other Caffres do, they cut it all off, except a little at the top of their heads. To this little hair which is left, they fasten a ring made of rushes, which lies, like a kind of crown, flat upon the top of their heads. They

could not, like the Chinese, let their hair grow long, for their hair is woolly, and will not grow long.

The chief dress of the men consists in strips of cats' fur, tied to a girdle round their waists. When they go to war, they wear cats' tails dangling to their girdles, a cap of otter's skin, and over their shoulders, as ornaments, the long hairs of ox tails. In one hand they hold a shield, and in the other a spear. The shields are often made of the skins of white oxen, and they have a striking effect when held by hands nearly black.

Zoolu Warrior.

THE TYRANT.

The king of the Zoolus is indeed a tyrant; yet he is worshipped as a god.

Every one who comes near him, crouches on the ground, and addresses him by such titles as these:

The noble Elephant,—the Black One,—the Bird who eats other birds.

Perhaps you think these are not very grand titles. But what do you think of these?

Thou, who art FOR EVER;—Thou, who art HIGH as the HEAVENS.

Such titles are only fit for God.

There was, a little while ago, a king of the Zoolus, called Dingarn.

A good Englishman, named Captain Gardiner, visited his country, hoping to persuade him to let missionaries come and live there.

The town where Dingarn lived was in the shape of a circle. There was a fence outside,—then—a circle of huts, and in the midst—a large, empty space as a fold for cattle.

The king had heard that a white man was coming to see him, and he ordered his servants to give him an empty hut to sleep in. The traveller crept in it on his hands and knees. During his sleep he was much disturbed by numerous rats running about.

Next morning he was conducted to see the king. The palace was a very large hut, with a fence all round it. Just above the fence were seen the head and shoulders of a man. That man was the king. He looked earnestly at his guest, and at last he pointed to an ox, saying, "This is the beast I give you to slaughter." Having said this, he disappeared. But he soon appeared again, and this time he came out of the gate of his courtyard. His shoulders were uncovered when he *first* looked over his fence; but *now* he was wrapped in a blue cloak, with a train which swept the ground. He was a tall and stout man, and

Dingarn.

seemed very proud of the grand appearance which he thought he made.

There were, close by his gate, joints of beef in heaps. They were for the soldiers. Dingarn distributed them himself. Each soldier, as he received his portion, crouched before the monarch, and went away singing.

A chair was then brought, and the king sat down, and began to talk to his guest. Nothing seemed to please him so much as to hear that a box was coming soon with presents for him, and amongst them, a red cloak.

Another day Captain Gardiner brought a Testament to show the king, and he read several passages aloud to him. The king then asked these questions.

"*Where* is God?"

"*Who* will be judged at the last day?"

"*What* nations will appear?"

"Will *mine* be there?"

"Shall *I* live for ever if I learn this word?"

All these questions were answered. Nevertheless the king would not promise to let a teacher come. The truth was, his mind was filled with the most trifling thoughts. One of his chief amusements was the management of a troop of women who always attended him. They were his wives and his slaves.

One day, when the Englishman was with

the king, these women appeared marching in rows, four in each row. There were ninety in all. Their cloaks and their short robes were covered with patterns worked in beads, while feathers waved on their shorn heads, and brass rings adorned their arms. Dingarn himself had invented all the patterns on their dresses. He was very proud of their gay appearance, and said to the captain, "Are we not a merry people? What black nations are like us? Who among them can dress as we do?"

But though proud of this troop, the king kept them in great subjection. In the dark hut he called his palace, these women were ranged upon their knees all round by the wall, while the tyrant lounged on the floor. The poor creatures, when they moved about to obey the tyrant's orders, walked upon their knees, and not upon their feet.

The palace, though a hut, was of an immense size, yet it contained no furniture but a bowl of beer with ladles.

Sometimes the king has a grand dance. Then about a thousand men stand in a circle, while the women occupy the middle. The king himself leads the singing and the dancing; for the *whole* company sing, keeping time with their feet, and giving occasional jumps.

The most ridiculous dresses are worn at these dances. One man put a panther's skin over his head, and looked through the holes for the eyes, so as to appear to be some strange beast.

Dancer disguised.

When the box of presents arrived, Dingarn was delighted. He took a great fancy to a pair of bracelets that were intended for a lady, and which were too small for his wrist. But Dingarn would wear them, for he said that ladies in *his* country should not wear such beautiful things. He liked always to be the best dressed in the company. Amongst the presents was a very gay cotton print. He

would have *that* for himself, and allowed his wives to have a common check.

But Dingarn is not only foolish; he is cruel also. Every morning it is his amusement to see the cattle slaughtered for his soldiers' food. He likes to see them pierced with spears, falling down upon the earth.

He delights in giving pain to men, as well as to beasts. Once he received a present of a burning-glass; it is a glass that has the power of drawing the heat of the sun to any place, so as to burn whatever is there. The king with this glass first burned up the grass around his chair; it would have been well had he been satisfied with this; but he wanted to burn living flesh; not his *own* flesh —he did not wish to burn *that*—but he called one of his men, and made him stretch out his arm; the king then held the man's hand while he applied the burning glass to the flesh, and burned a hole in it. The poor wretch crouched before his tormentor, and writhed with pain, but he durst not groan, lest he should be punished. He was then let go, and desired to show the burn to the company, while another servant was tormented in like manner.

You now perceive that Dingarn is a monster of cruelty.

He has condemned thousands of his own people to be slain. He did not spare his own *brother*. He suspected him of rebellion, and he ordered him to be strangled.

It is not wonderful that the people of such a tyrant often try to escape from his power; but no one is allowed to leave the kingdom without permission; and if any, having run away, are caught, they are put to death.

Seven persons were once brought back,—two men, two women, and three girls. The king was waiting to receive them. There he was arrayed in a cloak of many colours, and an English pink ribbon tied across his forehead. As soon as the prisoners appeared—the singing began. The king led the chorus, while the women around joined in it, and clapped their hands; the culprits stood trembling, dreading the cruel death they knew they should suffer. Captain Gardiner implored the tyrant to spare their lives; he obtained a promise that they should not be *executed*. But how did the king keep his promise? He desired the prisoners to be shut up in a hut, and he forbid any one to bring them food. *Once* he sent them a bowl of beer, but only *once*. He intended they should be starved to death; but some of his great men, without his order, had them killed, which was more merciful than starving them.

And do the Zoolus worship this monster? Yes, they treat him as a god. But they have other gods. They have besides GREEN SNAKES for gods; for they say all the souls of the dead enter into snakes. They worship the snakes, because they believe the spirits of the dead are in them. It seems as if they may have heard in old times of Satan entering into the serpent.

There are missionaries amongst the Zoolus race, telling them about the old Serpent, and about Him who has bruised his head, and many of the Zoolus are turning to the Lord.

PORT NATAL.

This is a town built by the English. It is just on the edge of the Zoolu country. A great many English have settled here.

The Zoolus often flee thither, to get out of the power of their tyrant.

Extracted chiefly from Captain Gardiner's Narrative.

THE BECHUANAS.

This race of men are, like the Caffres, tall and strong, and of a very dark brown colour; and they are *not* like the little yellow Hottentots. Like the Caffres, they are governed by chiefs, or little kings. There are a great many tribes, and each tribe has a chief

or king. These little kings are not such tyrants as Dingarn, nor are they flattered as he was, but they are accustomed to hear of their faults from their chief men.

MANNERS.—The Bechuanas never bathe, but cover their bodies with mutton fat and red ochre. In this respect they differ from the Zoolus, who bathe every day. The Bechuanas were surprised when they first saw white men burn candles; they wondered at their wasting valuable grease in that manner, instead of smearing it on their bodies.

They always laugh, when they hear of customs unlike their own; for they think that they do everything in the best way, and that all other ways are foolish. A white man once observed a Bechuana broiling a piece of fat meat on the fire, and turning it with his hands, and he advised him to use a fork; immediately all the Bechuanas around began to laugh at the idea. Another time, a white man had been watching some women building a house, and had felt sorry to see them dragging heavy loads of woods, and climbing up to the roof, and he recommended the men to undertake such hard work in future; immediately there was a roar of laughter among all the people present. The Bechuanas, however, are not quite as idle as the Caffres, for they under-

take the labour of making the skin-cloaks, whereas the Caffres lay it all upon the women. The Zoolus wear no cloaks at all.

CHARACTER.—The Bechuanas, before the missionaries taught them, had no thoughts about any god. They did not worship idols; (for it is remarkable that none of the nations in South Africa have images for gods;) they even laughed when they were told that some people bowed down to images; yet the Hottentots worship an insect, and the Zoolus a green snake; but the Bechuanas worshipped no god at all; indeed they had no name for God in their language. They often spoke of Morimo, but they meant some evil spirit by that name.

The Bechuanas thought that men wanted nothing more to make them happy than meat and milk; and they would say to the missionaries, "Give us meat and milk, or tell us how to get them, and we will listen to you." One man, being asked what he thought the finest sight in the world, replied, "A fire covered with pots full of meat. How ugly the fire looks without a pot of meat!" These Bechuanas did not wish to know who had made the world, and when they heard the missionaries speak of the one great Creator,

they burst out laughing. When told that they were sinners, they laughed again, and said, "There may be sinners among the Bushmen, but there are none among us."

Yet they commit dreadful crimes. Once, a man fell in a passion with his wife, and seizing his spear, he killed her on the spot. But he was not ashamed of what he had done. Next day he was seen walking about quite unconcerned, while the hyenas were easting upon his wife's dead body. Nobody blamed him, or called him a murderer; every one thought that he had a right to kill his own wife if he pleased. So dark is man when left to himself: so hard is his heart, and so dull his conscience.

One day a missionary was speaking of the day of judgment, when a Bechuana king, overhearing his words, cried out, astonished, "What!—what are you saying? The dead! —the dead arise?"

"Yes," replied the missionary, "*all* the dead shall arise."

"Will my father arise?" inquired the savage.

"Yes, your father will arise."

"Will all the slain in battle arise?" asked the old warrior.

"Yes."

"And will all that have been devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles arise?"

"Yes, and come to judgment."

"And will those whose bodies have been left to wither in the deserts, and whose dust has been scattered by the winds; will THEY arise?" demanded the king, in an unbelieving tone.

"Yes, they will arise: not one will be left behind."

The king, then turning to his people, said in a loud voice, "Did you ever hear such strange news as this?"

Then, turning towards the missionary, he laid his hand kindly upon him, and said, "Father, I love you much. Your visit and your company have made my heart white as milk, for the words of your mouth are sweet as honey; but I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising: the dead CANNOT arise."

"And why may I not speak of the resurrection?" inquired the missionary

The king then stretched out his aged arm, once so strong in battle, and shaking his hand as though brandishing his spear, he cried out, "I have slain my THOUSANDS: SHALL THEY ARISE?"

He could not bear the thought of meeting again the men he had killed. This was the reason he could not bear to hear of the resurrection. This king was afterwards killed in battle.

It may be supposed that the Bechuanas think nothing of murdering their own little babies when convenient. They are so cruel as sometimes to bury them alive.

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, was once sitting in his hut at breakfast with his wife, when some one knocked at the door, and asked, "Have you lost a kitten? we thought we heard one mewing in the woods."

"No," was the reply, but soon another person came, making the same inquiry, and soon afterwards—another.

Then the missionary and his wife began to think it might be a BABE that was crying; so they went with haste into the woods to see. Soon they heard the feeble cry: it seemed to come from under ground. Mr. Moffat, by putting his ear close to the earth, at last discovered the place whence the sound came. With his hands he speedily scraped up loose gravel, till he found a great stone; taking it up, he perceived a poor brown babe. He took it out of the hole, and gave it to his wife. She carried it home, fed it with milk, and brought it up with her own children. The name of Sarah Roby was given to the babe. Happy child to be reared in a Christian home, and not in a savage hut! When she was grown up she became a teacher of Bechuana children.

Picture of Bechuana Foundling.

There are various tribes of Bechuanas. There is one tribe who are CANNIBALS. They were first induced to eat human flesh from having no cattle, and now they prefer it to any other food. They lay traps of plaited rushes among the grass to entangle the feet of travellers, while they hide themselves in a tree or bush. As soon as they see their prey is caught, they rush out of their hiding places to seize and devour it. They cut up the flesh and roast it on the coals.

Picture of Cannibal.

There is another tribe, who are afraid of being eaten THEMSELVES by wild beasts. They seek refuge in the high trees, where they build little huts, and go from branch to branch to visit one another, even as birds might go from nest to nest.

There are tribes in India and Ceylon also who live in trees.

THE MISSIONARIES.

When the missionaries first went among the Bechuanas, they had to bear much rude behaviour. The people did not want to hear their words, but they liked to come, and look

at their things, and observe their ways. They crowded into their houses, and touched everything they saw, and left everywhere the marks of their red fingers. They laughed loud,—they talked many together—they lay down to sleep on the floor; and they stole all they could manage to hide. Sometimes the missionary's wife was obliged to hire a Bechuana woman to help her in the kitchen, as she had her own children to nurse. Once, when it was time to go to chapel, she asked the woman to leave the kitchen. Instead of obeying, the woman hurled a stone at the head of her mistress.

The people went in and out of the chapel during the service, just as they pleased. Sometimes no one came, and sometimes forty were present. And how were they behaving? Some were working,—some laughing,—and others sleeping. Not accustomed to *sit* on benches, they often put their *feet* upon them, with their knees up to their chins; and in this position, falling asleep, they suddenly sunk down upon the floor, causing a great uproar of laughter.

While the missionaries were at chapel, the people often robbed their houses. When the owners returned faint and hungry to their dwellings, perhaps they found an empty cupboard, and instead of the meat in the saucepan, a great stone.

The people stole the vegetables out of the missionaries' gardens, and their cattle from their fold.

When the missionaries complained of this treatment, the people replied, "Why do you not return to your own land?" They often said to them, "Your land must be a very bad one, or you would not have left it; or perhaps you have offended the chiefs in your land, and you have run away, and are afraid to return."

THE RAIN-MAKER.

Though the Bechuanas have no God, they trust in men who pretend to be able to make it rain.

For several years no rain had fallen in their land; the gardens were withering, and the cattle pining away. At last a rain-maker promised to come. The people were delighted when they heard he was approaching, and they went out to meet him, dancing and shouting for joy.

The rain-maker tried his various arts, but no rain came. At last he said, "Catch me a

baboon; but it must not have a single scratch, nor must a single hair be wanting in its tail." Immediately there was a great hunt after the baboons on the heights of the rocks. It was hard to catch one of these animals, because they are such climbers, and such jumpers; but at last a little one was taken, and brought in triumph to the rain-maker. As soon as he saw it, he exclaimed, "My heart is torn to pieces," and he pointed to a scratch in the baboon's ear, and showed that there were some hairs wanting in the tail. How could it be otherwise? for the baboon was sure, while trying to escape, to get some scratch and to lose some hairs.

The rain-maker, by this plan, had gained time, and this was all he wanted, for he knew it must rain at last.

He now tried another plan. He said, "I want a lion's heart; that will be medicine for the clouds."

A party of men went forth to kill a lion. They killed one, roasted it, and ate the flesh, and then brought the heart to the rain-maker. Nevertheless, no rain came.

The rain-maker was now at a loss what to do; but he thought he would lay the blame on the missionaries, for he did not like them, because they taught the people the truth. "There

is something," he said, "which frightens away the clouds: it is a bag of salt in the missionary's house." The rain-maker had heard that there was a bag there containing some white stuff, and he thought it was salt, but when the people went to look, they found it was only *chalk*. Now it was clear that the rain-maker had made *one* mistake, though he pretended to be so wise.

"It is the chapel-bell which frightens away the clouds," was the next thing he declared. Another time he said, "It is the white faces of the missionaries that do the mischief." The deceitful man hoped that the people would turn against the missionaries, but they had already begun to distrust the rain-maker. They grew so angry with him at last that they determined to murder him. Mr. Moffat, hearing of this plot, went himself to the assembly of chief men, and persuaded them not to commit the deed. The Bechuanas were astonished to hear him plead for the life of his enemy; for they knew not the command, "Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you." They granted the generous request, and the king himself soon afterwards led the deceiver out of the place, and bade him return no more.

But though the deceiver escaped death from *these* people, shortly afterwards he was mur-

dered by *another* tribe, whom he was trying to deceive.

After he was gone, God had mercy on the land, and sent a plentiful rain.

The missionaries had waited patiently, not only for rain from the clouds, but also for RAIN from the HIGHEST HEAVENS, even the Holy Spirit to soften the people's hearts. At last *this* rain came. Many Bechuanas might be seen in the chapel weeping for their sins. One said, "We have been like the beasts before God: what shall we do to be saved?" Another said, "I seem to have been sleeping in a lion's den."

There was one old woman who was a great deceiver. She would not come to the chapel. One day she missed one of her grand-children, and she went into the chapel to look for it; during the few minutes she stayed, a few words struck her mind. Next Sunday she came again. She was convinced that she was a SINNER in danger of eternal death. One day, meeting the missionary in the village, she seized his hands, and exclaimed, "To LIVE I cannot—I CANNOT DIE. Do you know the number of my sins? Look to yonder grassy plain, and count the blades of grass, and the drops of dew; they are as nothing to the number of my sins." The poor creature continued to

grieve for a long while before she could believe that her sins were washed out in the blood of Christ.

The old king of the place, at last believed in Jesus. He said, "There is nothing left of me but my old bones and withered skin; but I wish to cast myself as I am at the feet of Jesus, the Son of God."

Sometimes people came from far to the Kuruman station, where Mr. Moffat lived, desiring to hear more about the true God.

Far,—far away from the happy Kuruman, there lived a little shepherd-boy. As he was tending his sheep among the hills he met another shepherd-boy, who had a Testament of his own. This boy read some of it to his little friend; the part he read was the sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem. How much astonished was the other boy to see a book, and to hear his companion read out of it! He listened with great attention, and believed every word he heard. He longed to *see* the Babe of Bethlehem—that babe that was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. "Can I *see* him?" he eagerly inquired: "tell me—tell *where* he is."

"At the Kuruman station," replied the little reader.

"Did *you* ever see him?"

"No, I never saw him, but I know he is there, for they talk to him and sing to him. I have heard them."

The astonished child made up his mind to go to the Kuruman, and to see this babe with his own eyes. It was a long journey—hundreds of miles over a sultry and desolate country, but he found his way, and arrived safely one Saturday evening. He was kindly received by a Christian Bechuana woman. He partook of her supper, and slept in her hut.

Next morning he heard the chapel bell. He knew not why it sounded, but he followed his kind hostess to the chapel. He listened with delight to the sweet singing; he looked earnestly at the minister when he opened the Bible, and prepared to read. And what was the chapter that was read? It was the chapter about the Babe of Bethlehem, even the second of Luke! The little shepherd looked around the chapel, hoping more than ever to see the Glorious Babe. As he looked, he observed a child—such as he had never seen before—a fair child, with light hair and blue eyes. It was the missionary's own child. "It is the Babe of Bethlehem," thought the little shepherd-boy; the babe that I longed to see. I have found it at last." When the service was over the delighted boy told his Christian friend

that he had seen the Babe of Bethlehem. At first she could not understand what he meant, but soon she found out his mistake, and then she told him *who* the Babe of Bethlehem really was, *what* he did, and *where* he is. She told him of his love in dying upon the cross, and of his glory at his Father's right hand. The boy believed her words, and soon he *loved* Jesus, though he could not *see* him. He did not wish to leave the Kuruman station, but stayed there and learned to read his Bible, and he grew up to be a Christian man.*

Extracted from that interesting work, "Moffat's Missionary Labours."

GUINEA, OR NEGROLAND.

THE Negroes are known all over the world, as the unhappy people who have been made slaves by so many nations. The British people were *once* so wicked as to steal Negroes, and take them to distant lands to work as slaves till they died. But now these cruel practices are not allowed by our laws.

Negroes are often to be seen walking in the streets of London, but they are not *slaves.*

* Taken from a very little book entitled "Mr. Moffat's Visit to the Children of Manchester," one of the Missionary Stories published by Snow.

They are quite black; with a flat nose, thick pouting lips, woolly hair, and teeth of dazzling whiteness.

The Negroes live in some of the hottest countries in the world. Very near is the great desert of Sahara, and the air passing over it becomes so dry and burning, that it feels like a blaze from a hot furnace. Yet Negroland is more beautiful than Caffreland, because of the fine forests and broad streams. Once there were forests in Caffreland, but the Caffres are always moving from place to place with their herds of cattle, and they have felled the trees to make huts. The Negroes having no herds of cattle, remain in their villages, cultivating their fields and gardens, and fishing in the rivers. The Negroes are exceedingly fond of the water, whereas the Caffres keep on dry land. Instead of dressing in *skins*, the Negroes wear *calico* garments, which are much cooler and cleaner, and which they weave from the cotton plant. The Caffres had no idea of a God, till taught by Christians, but the Negroes have a great reverence for frightful images of clay, which they call their Fetish. Some of the Negroes are not idolaters but Mahomedans, and they believe in Allah, the Mahomedan god; yet these Negro Mahomedans know very little of the religion they profess.

ANECDOTES OF NEGRO KINGS.

There are a great many kings scattered over the land. Travellers who bring presents to these kings are generally well received, but otherwise they are ill-treated, and sometimes taken prisoners.

These were the presents given, on one occasion, to the king of Boossa: a pair of silver bracelets, a looking-glass, and a tobacco pipe. With these he was so much delighted, that he never took his eyes off them for half an hour. His queen then asked the travellers for a present, and they gave her some plated buttons. She was admiring them, when the king saw them and snatched them away. The queen tried to get them back, but after a long struggle the king succeeded in getting them all into his own hands; he then picked out the largest and brightest for himself, and let his wife have the remainder. Yet you must not suppose that this king was a bad husband, for he was one of the best in Africa; only he behaved as other Negroes do—like a naughty child in the nursery.

The travellers once sent a little box to the king, with a request that he would fill it with salt, of which they were in great need. This box was a common round tin box, about the size of a saucer, Yet the king regarded it

with admiration. "How wonderful," said he, "that even the *smallest* things belonging to white men are fit for the use of the *mightiest* kings. Allah has given *them* all the glory and riches of the world, and left none for black men." Saying this, he thrust the box into his pocket. Soon he took it out and began again to admire it. "What a beautiful thing! How well the cover fits! How convenient it would be in travelling!" As he spake he turned it round and round in his hand,—opened and shut it,—looked and looked again. At last he made up his mind to part with it; he filled it with salt, and gave it to the messenger to take back.

But, as might be expected, the owners of the precious box, hearing how much the king had admired it, sent it to him as a present. It was received with delight, and the messenger was handsomely rewarded.

This king was a great favourite with his people on account of his good nature and high spirits. Though a Mahomedan he was as fond of dancing, as other Negroes are.

At a great feast in the open air he danced before his subjects, yet he was a large and heavy man, not at all fitted for dancing. In one of the dances he imitated the canter of a horse, and cantered into one of his own huts amidst

the applause of the spectators. He soon came out again, followed by a boy carrying a large basket full of cowries (small shells, used as money in Africa). The king scattered handfuls of cowries amongst his people, and a great scramble ensued. He concluded the entertainment by dancing side-ways for some distance, and then back again into his royal hut, amidst the loud shouts and acclamations of his delighted subjects.

This king was not always engaged in these foolish amusements. He was usually employed in making his own clothes, and in attending to the business of his household. Most of the African kings waste all their time in sleeping, smoking, and talking.

There was another Negro king, far less good natured than the king of Boossa.

The king of Rabba received the following presents: a looking-glass in a gilt frame, a pair of silver bracelets, a snuff-box, a tobacco pipe, a knife, a razor, two pairs of scissors, four new shillings, and some books with pictures of animals. What numerous presents! many more than the king of Boossa received. Yet *this* king was not content. He sent a message saying that the presents were quite worthless (all except the looking-glass), and only fit for a child, and that if he did not obtain something

better, he should deprive the strangers of their guns. You may imagine how much the poor strangers were frightened at this threatening; especially as they had scarcely any handsome presents left. However, they had received from the king of Boossa a rich crimson garment, embroidered with gold, and *this* they determined to offer to the king of Rabba. A messenger took it. As soon as the king saw this splendid robe he was charmed, and he said to the messenger, "Ask the white men what they desire, and they shall have anything in Rabba." Then looking at the crimson robe, he exclaimed, "Now shall I be something like a king. My neighbours will behold me with envy. As for my own people, I will surprise them by putting it on some morning when they are going to war. It will dazzle their eyes."

Though this king was so vain and so covetous, he was not ungrateful. When another Negro king wanted to seize the strangers, the king of Rabba replied, "What! shall the white men who have come so far, and given us so many PRESENTS, be treated like robbers, and cast out like dogs?"

Thus he saved the strangers from the hands of a treacherous enemy.

The Fetish images are worshipped in some Negro kingdoms.

Picture of Fetish worship.

Behold that frightful image of clay! It is placed in a shed, and it stands on a bar of wood, like a bird upon a perch. The priests declare that it enjoys the smell of roast beef, and therefore joints are cooked just beneath; and no doubt, if the image likes the *smell*, the priests like the *taste* of roast beef much better.

The priests pretend to be able to guard the people from evil spirits, and they make white marks with chalk, upon the people's black skins, as a way of preserving them. But how are they to be preserved from the priests, who are their great enemies?

The priests teach, that when a king dies his favorite wives ought to be killed, that they may follow him into the other world.

There was a king who died. His favourite wives, knowing of the cruel law, went and hid themselves. One of them was discovered and dragged out of her hiding place.

Though this poor queen was old, she was not the more willing to die. The choice was given her between drinking a cup of poison or having her head broken by a club. She chose the poison, but great was her terror at the thought of taking it.

When her slaves heard that their mistress was to be slain, they could not go on with their work, but leaving their cotton-spinning and their corn-grinding, they began to weep and to utter loud lamentations. Her friends also, the whole day long, surrounded her, sobbing and crying, and even her grave-digger threw himself on the ground at her feet.

But there were some who encouraged her to murder herself: they were the Fetish priests; they entreated her to be courageous, and she herself prayed to her gods to give her courage.

Yet no child was ever more unwilling to take a nauseous medicine than the queen to take the fatal poison; once and again she lifted the cup towards her lips—then put it down, that she might walk about a little more and gaze at the splendour of the sun; for she could not bear the idea of seeing no

more the light of cheerful day. Her grave was already dug, in the midst of her own hut.

Day after day the queen hesitated to drink the poison, till her great men, losing all patience, gathered round her, and insisted upon her drinking the deadly draught. She drank it —and a quarter of an hour afterwards she was breathless and motionless in the arms of death. Thus are the heathens murdered in the name of their gods.

Extracted chiefly from Lander.

AS-HAN-TEE.

THIS is one of the greatest kingdoms in Africa. There is no court more splendid than the court of the King of As-han-tee. All around him glitters with GOLD. He wears strings of gold beads round his neck, arms, knees, and ankles, and gold rings upon his fingers. His throne is a stool covered with gold. His guards, like himself, shine with gold.

When the king goes forth in state, attended by his nobles, the display of gold is astonishing. The trumpeter sounds a golden horn,—the steward carries golden scales, and the executioner wields a golden hatchet. The nobles are decked, like the king, with golden beads; and lumps of gold so enormously large are fas-

tened to their wrists, that they are obliged to rest their arms upon the heads of little boys. Each noble is attended by boys, carrying elephant's tails, spangled with gold, and the boys wave the tails in the air to the honour of their masters.

Over the heads of the king and his nobles immense umbrellas are held by slaves—so immense as to shade thirty persons at a time. They are more like trees than umbrellas; but not like *green* trees—for they are made of the gayest silks; their tops are adorned with a golden beast or a golden bird.

There is not only *splendour* to dazzle the *eye;* but there is also *noise* to stun the *ear*, in this grand procession. Each noble is attended by a band of musicians, playing on various loud instruments; some play on gong-gongs, and some on horns made of elephants' tusks; but the most tremendous sounds are produced by the great drums. In England the drummer *carries* the drum he beats, but in Ashantee the drum is placed on the head of one man, and beaten by two others. What a head the man must have who bears the drum, if he can bear the *noise* too!

And *what* music is played by the bands of the nobles! It is the custom for each noble to have a tune of his own. This tune

is played by his own band, and every one may know what nobleman is coming by the tune that is played. It might be amusing to hear these different tunes, if *one* were played at a time, but that is not the case. All the tunes are played at once, and the confusion cannot be described.

The nobles gratify their pride by all this noise and show; but they have one custom that gratifies their pride still more. They have their songsters, or poets, whose business it is to set forth their praises. Thus they make themselves like gods, though they are but men.

But we may rather say they are like devils, such is their dreadful cruelty. When a nobleman dies one of his slaves is always put to death, that he may have some one to wait upon him in the world whither he is going. When a *king* dies, a *hundred* slaves are slaughtered, as well as his wives. As soon as the slaves hear that the king is dead, they rush out of the palace in terrible alarm, and hide themselves among the bushes; but they are soon dragged forth, to be slain at the funeral. Nor does the bloodshed end there; *every week* there is a grand slaughter, for many weeks after a king's death. It is reckoned that after the death of one monarch FOUR THOUSAND in all were killed.

These wicked deeds are the consequence of the wicked religion of Ashantee. The people worship all manner of gods, such as rivers, rocks, and trees; but they have worse gods than these. In one place a CROCODILE was worshipped! The odious beast lived in a pond, and was called out by his worshippers to receive their daily offering, which was a white fowl. The voracious creature gladly came forth to eat the morsel; but he was not satisfied with it alone, and helped himself, whenever he could, to sheep and dogs. He tried also to devour children.

It is the Fetish men or priests who lead the people to worship false gods. They are the great deceivers. Sometimes they pretend to do miracles. One of them said he could call apes from the bushes and make them talk; "But," added he, "I cannot do this in the day-time, because the apes are timid and hate the light; I can only do it at *night*." A rich black man suspected that the priest was a deceiver. He said he would give these apes some rum to drink. In giving the rum, he found out that the talking apes were BOYS hid in the bushes.

The Fetish man was so much ashamed at being detected, that he fled out of the country, and was no more seen; while the black man who had detected him would be-

lieve no more in Fetish men, but believed in the words of the Missionary. For *missionaries* have been sent to Ashantee. They have been treated with respect, because they were *white* men; for the Africans hold white men in great honour.

When the first missionary came, the men of Ashantee called him a god-man, and asked him to teach them "sensen." Some said, "We did never think of white men coming to teach us black men."

The men of Ashantee are not like the southern Africans, who have no name for God; they have a name, and a good name, for him—"Very great friend." Yet they do not know him. They say they hate the devil, and once a year they try to drive him away with sticks, and torches, and loud yells; yet they serve him by wicked works.

Taken from Beecham's "Ashantee."

DAHOMEY.

THIS is another of the great kingdoms of Africa. In one respect it is worse than Ashantee; for it is full, not only of cruel *men*, but of cruel *women*.

The king has an army of *women*, as well as one of men. He trains these women to fight, and rewards them for bloodshed. The business in which he chiefly employs them is seizing slaves, that he may sell them and obtain large sums of money.

The women soldiers wear a peculiar dress—not red coats—but tunics and trowsers, like those often worn by little English boys. The tunics are marked with broad blue and white stripes. The women wear neither cap nor bonnet, neither shoe nor stocking. There is no covering to protect their heads from arrows, nor their feet from thorns. On their shoulders they carry guns.

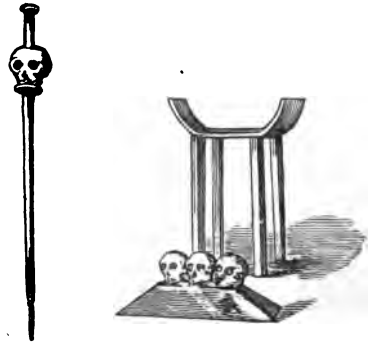
When they march a drum is carried before them, and this drum is ornamented with TWELVE SKULLS.

They are often practised in the storming of villages. As the villages are surrounded by high heaps of prickly briers, the women are taught how to get over these—lightly and quickly. In order to train them,—piles of sharp thorny bushes are reared, and the command is given to the women to go through them. At the word—they rush forward like mad creatures, not seeming to mind the thorns, or to feel any pain as they pass over them with their bare feet: indeed, they spring

so lightly, that they appear hardly to touch the heap.

The king feels great confidence in this army, and sends them continually to surprise the villages of his enemies. When any of them kills a man, or catches a prisoner, she is rewarded by the highest praise from the monarch himself. This praise is very much prized, for the women treat the king as if he were a god. They kneel down at his feet and throw dust on their heads, to show their deep reverence.

That monarch rests his royal feet upon a footstool ornamented with the skulls of three fallen kings; his walking-stick also is headed by a skull; and his grandest drinking cup is a SKULL.



Picture of Spear and Footstool.

This cruel king renders all the neighbouring kingdoms wretched by his ravages. How horrible is the slave trade! But if the *heathen* who *capture* the slaves are guilty, how much more guilty are the *Christians* who *purchase* them

Extracted from Duncan.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN WESTERN AFRICA.

It is dangerous for children in Africa to walk about alone, even in the towns.

A girl of ten years old was sent out with sweetmeats to sell. It was getting dark as she was passing by a house—when suddenly the door opened, and a man called to her to come in, saying he wanted to buy some sweetmeats. She went in, and sold some of her little articles. She was counting out the cowries when she felt a hand placed before her mouth, and a strong arm dragging her towards the back of the house There the poor child was detained a prisoner till the middle of the night; when she was put in a boat, and taken down the river to a distant village, and sold for fourteen dollars, (or nearly three pounds.)

What was the distress of her parents when their child did not return at night with her

basket as usual! They were almost distracted; for this was their only one, and their whole delight. In their misery they applied to the friends of the miserable—the missionaries. These kind men searched all over the country, and at last found out where the girl was, and they got her out of the hands of the robbers, and restored her to her parents.

What was done to the wicked man who stole her so basely and barbarously? He was punished, but not *much;* he was made to pay a small sum of money to the judge. It is to be feared that he will continue to do the same deeds that he has ever done.

One day a missionary was sitting in a shed, in an African village, watching the workmen building his house (for African workmen, unless *watched,* are apt to leave off their work),—when he saw a black woman approach with two little black girls, about ten years old. He observed a basket of fruit in the hands of one of the girls, and he expected she was going to ask him to buy some, but he was mistaken. It was not *fruit* that was to be sold.

The missionary asked the woman what she wanted.

She pointed to the girls and replied, "For sale."

The missionary was filled with grief at the

thought of selling children. It immediately struck his mind that he might offer a ransom for the children, and therefore he inquired, "For how much will you sell them?"

The woman replied, "That girl I sell for eight pounds, and this girl for eight pounds ten shillings."

The missionary answered, "Do you think God will bless you, while you go about selling children, as if they were dogs?"

The woman looked alarmed, for she had taken the missionary for a slave dealer, but now she feared that she should be punished. She began to excuse herself, saying, "All my own children were stolen from me. I only do the same that has been done to me." This was a bad excuse indeed.

The missionary reproved the woman severely, and made her ashamed of her conduct.

He then turned to the children, and asked them who were their mothers.

"I don't know my mother," replied one. "I was stolen when I was very little, and I have been a slave a long while."

"But I know *my* mother," replied the other. "I was stolen only last week, and my mother too. We were both sold at one time, but not to the same persons. We have been parted from each other."

Then the child began to cry and to sob, and her companion cried also, and they said to the missionary, "Won't the white people buy us and set us free? Will no one deliver us?"

We may feel assured that the good missionary got their ransom paid, and saw their tears dried.

Picture of Negro children for sale.

SIERRA LEONE.

THIS name means the Valley of Lions,—a terrible name; but there is nothing to terrify *now* in that valley; the lions are gone, and the people are not like lions, except in courage. Here live the benefactors of stolen Africans. The place belongs to England, and here poor rescued slaves find a home and a welcome. When an English ship seizes a slave ship belonging to Spain or Portugal, the poor prisoners are brought here and set free.* Here they are fed and clothed; here they are taught and trained.

It is an important event when a slave ship is captured.

One day the governor of Sierra Leone brought to the missionary a hundred black boys, just snatched from the enemy. They were in a wretched state, as such boys always are, having been beaten and bruised, over-driven, and half starved. They seemed afraid to look up; they hung down their heads and folded their arms

* There is another place on this coast, called Liberia, where slaves find a refuge: but that country does not belong to England; it is governed by its own people, and is called a republic.

over their breasts, as if they had lost all hope, and expected nothing but death. The sight of white men appeared to terrify them, and even the sound of their voices; for those who had crammed them into the ship, and trampled them under their feet, were white men.

But the missionary was set upon taking away their fears and making them trust a white man. He wanted to talk to them; but he could not, as he did not know their language, for they had been stolen from a distant part of Africa. But he had a school of black boys, who had been rescued at different times. He remembered that one of these boys spoke the same language as the new-comers.

Immediately he called this boy out from among his companions, and said to him, "Tom, talk kindly, in your own tongue, to these poor fellows: they are from your own country. Tell them that we will treat them kindly." Tom obeyed, and presently the black faces were lifted up, and the dark eyes were beaming with joy. Soon the missionary picked out a dozen of the brightest faces, and taught them four letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D. These letters were soon learned. The little learners were set to teach their companions, and the whole assembly resounded with the

sounds of A, B, C, D. This was the first day's lesson.

The hundred boys continued to learn daily. Two hours they spent in reading, and several hours in working in the fields, and there was time left for playing, and for resting during the heat. In two years most of the boys could read. Some of them loved the Scriptures, because they tell of grace, of glory, and of eternal salvation. Six of these boys were set apart to be instructed, that they might become missionaries to their brethren in their own native land.

The valley of Sierra Leone is very beautiful, with its fruitful fields and pleasant dwellings; but its great ornament are its churches, filled with black people. What a long string of little girls, their white dresses making their black faces look still blacker! and what a troop of boys, dressed in scarlet jackets and white trowsers! How many of these have been rescued from slavery, or from an early grave!

But though there are many missionaries and teachers in Sierra Leone, some of the Negroes continue to trust in their idols. There is many an idol-house to be seen in the villages. A missionary peeped into one of these, and saw a number of wretched gods within. What were

they? Bits of iron and wood, stones and skulls, coloured feathers, and antelopes' heads—these were the gods within. Outside, the body of a dead white dog was hanging on a cotton tree.

It is chiefly the grey-headed Negroes who trust in such gods. They have been brought up to worship them, and they cannot be persuaded to believe the Gospel.

Near one house in the village there was an altar with a little image, dressed in a cap and adorned with beads, and some fruit close by it. The people in the house declared that the image was in memory of their dead child. "If we did not attend to that image," said they, "all the same as if the child were alive, we should lose our other little girl."

Most of the black people in Sierra Leone have left off trusting in images. Some who love the Lord rejoice that they were ever stolen from their native land, because they feel that had they remained there they might never have heard a Saviour's name.

There was once a little black boy living at Sierra Leone, who had been rescued from a slave ship and taught about God. One day Mr. Thompson, his schoolmaster, heard him praying in a low voice outside the schoolroom.

This was the little Negro's prayer:

"Lord Jesus, I thank thee that the wicked men came and took me, and that the English ship brought me here, where Massa Thompson has taught me to read, and to know thee. But I have a great favour to ask of thee. Let other bad men take away my father and mother, and let an English ship bring them here, that they too may learn about thee, and that we may *all* go to heaven."

The master was much surprised to hear this prayer, and he thought about it a great deal. That evening, as he was walking by the sea-side, he met the little praying Negro.

In a kind voice he said, "What are you doing here, my boy?"

The little fellow replied, "I have been praying that the Lord Jesus will bring my parents to this place, and I am come here to see whether he has granted my prayer, and brought them here."

That evening no parents came. The child continued daily to visit the shore, and to watch all the ships that arrived.

One evening he came to Mr. Thompson, leaping, and dancing, and clapping his hands, saying, "My prayer is heard, my prayer is heard: my father and mother are come!"

Then he drew Mr. Thompson by the hand to the sea-shore, and showed him two Negroes, just rescued. "These are my parents—my prayer is heard!"

Extracted chiefly from the "Church Juvenile Instructor," a small monthly Magazine.

AMERICA.

North and South America are called the New World, because they were not known by the other part of the world in old times.

America is never spoken of in the Bible.

Once savages only lived in America; now there are very few savages, and a great many civilized people.

Yet there is room for a great many more—for there are fewer people in America, in proportion to its size, than in any other quarter of the globe; but new people are going there from Europe every day, and are making new roads, ploughing new fields, and building new cities.

THE UNITED STATES.

This is an immense country, full of white people, speaking the English language, yet not calling themselves English people, but Americans.

A long while ago a great many English people went over and settled in America, and at first they paid taxes to our government, but at last they refused to pay any more; and when an English army was sent to *make* them pay, they fought and conquered that army.

Now the people in the United States have a government of their own. But they have not a king nor a queen of their own. They are governed by men chosen out of the people, called the President, the Senate, and the Congress. The United States are a republic and not a kingdom.

NEW YORK

Is the chief city. It contains about a quarter as many people as London. It is much more beautiful, for it has neither smoke nor fog, but enjoys a clear air and brilliant sunshine. In warmth it is like Spain or Italy.

There is in New York a very broad street, called Broadway, planted with trees; it is two miles long. It is thronged with splendid carriages, and people elegantly dressed.

BOSTON.

This city is more to the north than New York, and therefore is not so hot; neither is it so rich, nor so gay. Yet, like New York, it is free from smoke and fog, and so the various objects have a bright appearance. The red bricks of the houses, the white steps to the doors, and the green blinds to the windows, all look as fresh and new as if just washed. But there is no splendour nor grandeur. There are very few carriages to be seen in the street, nor elegant ladies displaying their dresses; but there are, instead, scholars of all ages hastening with their books to join their classes. In the houses there are not many mirrors and chandeliers, but there are globes and book-cases; for the inmates delight in study more than in dissipation.

The plan of living in Boston is quite different from that in England. People in general do not live in houses of their own, or keep servants of their own; they live in boarding-houses, eating at one table, and waited upon by the servants of the house.

NEW ORLEANS.

This is the gayest city in America, and also the most ungodly. There are very few churches, but there are amusements of all kinds. It may be called a city of strangers, for people come from all parts of America to pass the winter here.

The pride of New Orleans is the river Mississippi. That river passes by in its course many towns and villages; and there are always ships coming down and ships going up, laden with goods and crowded with people.

There is no place in the whole world where so many ships are all collected in one spot, as in the harbour of New Orleans. But the river is the bane of the city. The banks are so low that the damps from the water render the city unwholesome. Yellow fever frequently comes and carries away thousands. New Orleans is a dangerous place to live in, both for the body and the soul.

WASHINGTON.

This is the government city. It cannot be called the *royal* city, because there is no *king* in the United States; but there is a President. He is the chief ruler, yet not all his life long.

At the end of four years he goes out of office, and another President is chosen. There is a fine house in a park, called the White House, where the President resides. There are two great halls where the Senate and the Congress meet to make laws.

Washington is one of the most desolate cities in the world: not because she is in ruins, but for just the contrary reason—because she is unfinished There are places marked out where houses *ought* to be, but where no houses seem ever likely to be. As in Rome, people say, "Here, *once* stood such a building," so in Washington they say, "Here *was* to stand such a building. Rome is like a very old person bent double, and Washington like a very young one, suddenly stinted in her growth.

CUSTOMS AND APPEARANCE.—As the Americans are descended from the English, of course their customs are nearly alike. Yet there are points of difference.

The Americans do not drink as much ale and spirits as the English. There is a law made in one of the States against selling *small* quantities of spirits. By this law the poor are preserved from a great temptation, for they *cannot* buy *large* quantities of spirits.

But there is one very unpleasant custom in America—it is chewing tobacco. Smoking tobacco is unpleasant, but less so than chewing it.

There are many ways of speaking in America which are never heard in England. It is common to say, "I set out on my journey at *sun-up*, and I arrived home at *sun-down*;" whereas in England people say, at *sun-rise* or *sun-set*. A very curious name is given to the packages of a traveller. "Have you taken the gentleman's *plunder* up-stairs?" means, "Have you taken his *trunks* up-stairs?" Yet an Englishman would suppose that the gentleman must be a robber.

It might be supposed that the Americans would be just like the English in appearance, but they are not. Round and rosy cheeks, so common in England, are rare in America. Whenever a ruddy complexion is seen, a plump face, and a stout figure, the Americans guess that the person is from England, It is chiefly the heat of the climate which has made them so different from their English ancestors.

The children are brought up in a very unwholesome manner. At the dinner table of the boarding-house they see all kind of dainties, and they are allowed to eat hot cakes and rich preserves at breakfast, and ices and oysters at supper, when they ought to be satisfied

with their basin of porridge, or their milk and water and bread and butter. The consequence is that many children die, and others are pale and sickly.

SLAVES.—There are about thirty States in America. Those in the north have better laws and customs than those in the south. In the southern states SLAVERY prevails. The slaves are Negroes; most of the slaves now living were born in America, but their parents, or their grand-parents were stolen from Africa.

Some people declare, that these slaves are as happy as free labourers. I will give you an account of their way of life, that you may judge for yourself.

On a large estate in the south, there are numerous slaves to cultivate the fields of rice. They live in small white wooden cottages built in rows, neat outside, but disorderly inside. As soon as it is day, the slaves arise and go to the rice-fields; and spend the whole day working, not even going home for dinner. Their food is given to them in the fields. And what is it? Indian corn. How much is the allowance of each slave? Two pints and a quarter. This is the allowance of a grown-up man. A big boy or girl has only a little more than a pint, and young children not so much as a pint. The

Negroes boil the corn, and call it hominy, but as they have nothing to eat with it, they cannot find it very pleasant. The Negroes return to their huts in the evening, wearied with their labours, and smarting from the strokes of the driver. They never receive any wages; for their master provides them with clothing as well as food. The clothing is the cheapest that can be had. It consists of a woollen suit every winter, and a calico suit every summer; but neither shirt nor shoes are thought necessary.

Now you may judge whether the slaves lead a happy life. The masters *say* they do. "See," say they, "how happy our slaves must be: they have no care; everything is provided for them." But the slaves would much rather have the care of providing for themselves, instead of being treated like beasts, that have no understanding.

The slaves show plainly, that *they* do not think themselves happy, by often running away. Every day there are advertisements in the newspapers for runaway slaves. Just above each notice there is a little black figure of a negro, running very fast, and carrying a small bundle at the end of a stick. Then follow such words as these:—

"Fifty dollars reward for the Negro Jim

Blake. Has a piece cut out of each ear, and the middle finger of the left hand cut off at the second joint."

How did the poor creature get hurt in this manner? No doubt it was to make him work, or to punish him for his faults that he was cruelly cut up. No wonder he ran away. Had he stayed, he might have lost the *whole* of his ears, and the *rest* of his fingers.

Here is another advertisement:—

"Ran away, a Negro girl called Mary. Has a small scar over her eye, and a good many teeth missing The letter A is branded on her cheek and forehead."

These brands are made with fire, and must cause dreadful pain.

"Taken up—a Negro man, is very much scorched about the face and body, and has the left ear BIT off."

Thus are slaves treated,—they are cut,—hit, burned,—and *bitten!*

There are indeed kind masters, who do not allow their slaves to be ill-used. Slaves love such masters; but still they would rather not be slaves at all.

Masters are continually afraid lest their slaves should join together, and rise up against them. They try to prevent this, by keeping their slaves in ignorance, that they may be

stupid like the brutes, and not have sense to rebel. There is a law, forbidding any one to teach a slave to read. Many a poor Negro longs to learn to read, and cannot get any one to teach him

One little Negro found out a way of getting taught. Whenever his master's children said "Come and play with us," he always replied, "First teach me the lesson you learned this morning, and then I will play with you." In this way he got taught; but when he knew how to read, he kept it a secret, lest he should be punished for learning.

The black people have found out that the white people *wish* them to know nothing.

One day a party of English travellers said to their black driver, "What is the name of that hill?"

"I don't know," replied the man.

"O Pompey!" exclaimed the traveller, "why don't you learn the names of places around you, that you may tell them to strangers?"

"I should be glad to learn," said Pompey, "but massa knows it's more than I *dare* do: cause it's 'GAINST THE LAW: massa says it's 'gainst the law for me to learn."

But though the masters wish to keep the slaves in ignorance, they are ashamed of hindering them from learning the way of salva-

tion. They dare not forbid their going to church or chapel; and many slaves by going, learn *heavenly* wisdom, and gain *everlasting* freedom.

Yet, even in church, the poor Negro is reminded that he is nothing but a slave; for he is not allowed to sit with the rest of the congregation. It is usual for the Negroes to be placed in a gallery, quite separate from the white people.

In some cities there are separate chapels for the blacks. White people may go to them, if they please, but they seldom do. One traveller entered a chapel in Savannah (a city of the south), and he found himself to be the only white man there amongst six hundred blacks; even the preacher was a black. This black congregation were more earnest in their prayers than many white congregations are; they listened to the sermon with great attention, and sang the hymns with sweet accord.

Sometimes there are prayer-meetings, when Negroes are called upon to offer up prayers out of their own hearts. Once there was a prayer-meeting just after a minister had been appointed for the congregation. A black man in his prayer said,

"Make he good, like he say.

"Make he say, like he good.

"Make he say, make he good, like he God."

At first this prayer may not be understood, but, with thinking, even a child may discover the meaning.

There is a law in America forbidding people to steal slaves from Africa. When you see a gang of slaves in chains driven along the road, you must not suppose they come from Africa. They are only travelling from one state to another. Their old master has sent them away to be sold to a new master, even as farmers send their sheep and cows to market. They are driven along just as beasts are driven—only beasts are not chained, whereas the men-slaves are chained in pairs, to prevent their running away. The women and children are allowed to go loose, because they could easily be caught if they were to escape. The drivers are white men on horseback, with long whips.

Slaves in America are worth a great deal of money. A strong man costs 150*l.*, and even a child is worth 25*l.*

It is no wonder if the poor creatures are lazy; they cannot earn wages, however hard they may work; they cannot lose their places, however little they may do. It is curious to see them in the sugar-cane fields, lifting up their hoes as slowly as ever they can.

There was once a field-slave who had such dreadful swellings on her arms, that it was

thought impossible for her to do any work. But one evening a neighbour walking out, saw her half hidden among the trees, standing in a pond, washing clothes. This neighbour, knowing how ill the girl was, felt much surprised at the sight, and supposed that the swellings had got suddenly well. But next day they were as bad as ever. People now began to watch the girl, and at last they saw her go secretly to a bee-hive, thrust her arms into it, and keep them there till they were stung all over. How wonderful it was that she should prefer suffering such pain to doing her daily work! She washed at night, because she took in some washing and was paid for it. You see how deceitful this woman was.

How happy it would be if these slaves could be set free! A master may set a slave free when he pleases; but he may not allow him to remain in the Southern States, lest the other slaves should want to be free too. The free slaves are generally sent to the Northern States, where they are hired as servants.

It came into the heart of a gentleman, in New Orleans, to give all his slaves their liberty; but he did not choose to do it suddenly, as he knew that would not be good for them; nor did he choose to send them to the Northern States, for he knew they would be cold and

comfortless there. He determined to send them back to their own Africa, after he had trained them and tried them for a few years.

The *first* thing he wished to teach them was to fear God, and the *next*,—to be industrious. He had already built them a chapel; and to encourage them not to work on the Sabbath, he had allowed them Saturday afternoon for themselves.

One Sabbath-day, after service, he told his slaves he had something important to say to them. They all remained in their seats, and then their master asked them whether they would like to be made free. He found it was the wish of every heart. "Now," said he, "this is my plan: I have given you the Saturday afternoon for your own: work on it for wages. I will pay you wages for all the work you do for me on Saturday afternoon. I will not give you the money; but I will keep an account of it in a book, and when you have earned enough you shall buy with the money—Saturday *morning!* Then you will have a *whole* day of your own to work for wages! You will soon be able to buy another day, and then another, and when you have earned all the days of the week you will be free: and *then* I will send you to Africa."

With what delight the poor slaves heard this

plan! Though they loved their kind master, they loved Africa still better, and LIBERTY most of all. With all their hearts they thanked their generous master for his kindness. They worked heartily during the week from gratitude, and on Saturday afternoon—Oh! how they worked!

They were employed at that time in building houses in New Orleans. There was a gentleman, who, from his window, could see the slaves at work, and he was much struck by their industry. He noticed particularly one slave, named Jim, who acted as overseer. He thought he had never seen so active a man. This gentleman offered Jim's master a very high price for him, but of course the master refused; he offered a higher still,—and then a higher still; but the master refused.

"What price will you accept?" inquired the gentleman.

"No price," replied the master; "the man is not to be sold." The gentleman looked much disappointed.

"Now," said he, "tell me one thing—What is the reason that your slaves work so diligently? *other* slaves do not; *yours* begin before it is light, and continue after dark. They never *walk* up the ladders—they always *run;* and yet they never seem tired. And what makes

all this so surprising is, that there is no white man to look after them,—no driver—no whip."

The master of the slaves was pleased to hear this account, but he kept the reason a secret; for it would have been against law to let it be known that he intended to set his slaves free, lest other slaves should rebel.

At the end of fifteen years a good number of the slaves had bought their own freedom and their children's freedom. The day came to part with their beloved master. It was a tearful parting, indeed! The master felt so sorrowful that he did not *himself* accompany the slaves to the ship; but he sent a friend to see them embark. The friend returned to the master with tears in his eyes, saying, "I never saw such a scene! To the very last I heard the poor fellows embarking, calling out to the slaves left behind, 'Fanny, take care of our master; James, take care of our beloved master; as we hope to meet in heaven, take care of him, take care of him!'"

No doubt they did not forget him when they began to taste the sweets of liberty, and to breathe again their warm native air.

If all slave masters were generous and godly like this man, what a happy country America would be! The Lord approves such men, for He has said, "Is not *this* the fast that I have

chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness? to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?" (Is. lviii. 7.)

We have now spoken of the slavery of the southern States. There are no *slaves* in the northern States, but there are many *blacks* there; and perhaps you think they are kindly treated as they are not slaves. Far from it. They are not beaten, it is true, but they are despised and insulted in every possible way. Is not this very wicked? Merely because they have a black skin.

In steamboats there is always one dinner provided for the whites and another for the blacks. The white *servants* will not dine with the blacks, and as they *may* not dine with their masters, they have a *third* table.

Even *rich* blacks are treated with contempt. Once, in a steamboat, a traveller observed three young ladies, arrayed in silks, and decked with jewels and feathers, but with faces almost black. They were not allowed to sit at table with any of the whites, and as they did not like to dine with the blacks, they dined by themselves in the pantry, where there was no room to sit down. At night they slept on the floor of the cabin.

The blacks may not ride in the same carriage

on a railway, as the whites; so a separate carriage is always provided for them. No one will shake hands with them in the Northern States. In the Southern States it is common for masters and mistresses, when they are going on a journey, to shake hands with their black *slaves* at parting; but no such kindness is ever shown to black *servants* in the Northern States.

It is painful to see the manner in which many worthless whites behave to many harmless blacks. In New York a big white boy, meeting a little black one, began to kick him. The poor child seemed used to such treatment, and ran away without saying a word.

A young man, neatly dressed, with a pleasant though dark face, was leaning over the rails of a bridge, when a rude ragged man, with a white, wicked face, passed by, and began to scoff at the dark youth. A meek answer was returned,—when the brutal American struck the unoffending African,—kicked him—and went on his way. There were persons standing near who saw the whole. Did no one take the black man's part? No one. But God saw it, and remembers it. As it is written, "Thou hast seen it, for thou beholdest mischief and spite to requite it with thy hand." (Ps. x. 14.)

There was once a time when even Christians

of passing by fields of cattle and corn, as in England, travellers in America pass through forests for hundreds of miles, and only see now and then a log hut, surrounded by a little patch of cultivated ground.

But the forests are not without inhabitants. Wild beasts are there, yet none so terrible as those in Africa and Asia. The black and brown bears live chiefly upon eggs, and berries, and little animals. The American lion is not at all like other lions: it resembles a leopard, and hides itself among the branches, ready to pounce upon any poor deer walking beneath; but it seldom attacks men.

There are, however, terrible snakes in the forests, especially the RATTLE-SNAKE. It is happy for men that it has a rattle. Some little bones rub against each other in its tail, as it moves along, and the noise warns men to flee away. But there are snake-catchers, who are glad to hear the sound, for they know how to seize the creature without getting bitten. They keep rattle-snakes in cages, and feed them on live rats and frogs, till they have an opportunity to send them to England, to be shown as sights.

There are many harmless inhabitants of the forests. There are the PIGEONS. They fly in greater numbers than any other bird. In one flock there are more pigeons than there

are human creatures in the world; that is, more than a thousand millions. They darken the air as they fly, and the fluttering of their wings sounds like thunder. When they alight upon the tops of the tall trees—they roost in heaps; for there is not room for them to perch separately. The foresters are glad at their arrival, for they knock them down and take them home to make into pies.

But the charm of the forests is the singing birds. They are not found in the lonely parts, but only where men have fixed their habitation, as if the birds knew that we delighted to listen to their warblings. Of all the American birds the most celebrated is the mocking-bird. He deserves a better name. He does not *mock* the songs of other birds, but he *learns* of them, and sings so much better, that he makes them all ashamed. He is often to be seen perched on a rose-bush near a lonely cabin, pouring forth all the songs that he has heard in his rambles in the woods. Like our nightingale, he sings not only in the day but in the *night* also; and like him he is clad in russet brown. In size he rather exceeds a linnet.

THE PRAIRIES.—No places can be more unlike than the forests and the prairies. There are no trees in the prairies; nothing but green grass sprinkled with flowers. Yet it is sup-

posed, that once the prairies were forests, but that wandering savages set fire to them, and consumed them. Now they are desolate places. The larks are singing there;—but not floating in the air, as in England; they are resting on the tall blades of grass, and rocking as they sing.

There are bees also in the prairies, revelling among the sweet flowers; they were brought from Europe, but they like their new country, and make abundance of honey.

There are some very curious animals called dogs, inhabiting the prairies. Yet, though *called* dogs, they are like dogs in nothing but in barking. (For while the *real* dogs of America do *not* bark, these do.) They have become famous on account of their cleverness in digging

Picture of Prairie Dogs.

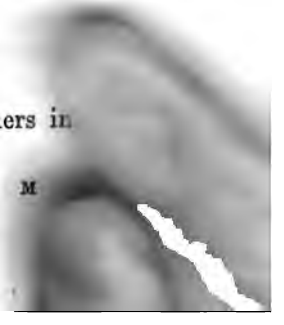
dwelling-places. Little creatures as they are, not bigger than squirrels, they dig holes ten feet deep. The earth they cast up forms a hillock; on this hillock each little digger sits, as on a watch tower, to see whether enemies are approaching. It is therefore very difficult to shoot them, for if they see a man coming towards them,—in an instant they dart into their dwellings. It is only at night that the cautious creatures venture to feed upon the grass. In winter they live without food, sleeping soundly in the depths of their dark retreats. The places they inhabit may be compared to cities, for they are many miles in extent.

THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

These Alleghanies are not as high as the Alps of Europe, but they are very numerous; stretching along the whole length of America. They are adorned by an abundance of beautiful flowers. The splendid rhododendron, the elegant azalea, and the bright kalmia, display their varied colours in every glade and every glen.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

This is one of the greatest wonders in world. What are these Falls?



There is a river called St. Lawrence. There is a steep place in the river, down which the waters fall,—and such a quantity of water! The height of the fall is 154 feet. But it is not the *height* which makes the fall so grand —it is the *quantity* of waters. They come leaping, roaring, and foaming. They never cease pouring down—nor could all the armies in the world stop for one moment the sound of their voice. It is so loud, that it may be heard twenty-five miles off! The spray forms a white cloud always brooding over the falls; yet so bright, so pure a cloud, that it seems a fit abode for angels. Strangers come from many lands to gaze at the waters of Niagara, and they are all astonished at the sight.

But once there came a stranger to *dwell* there. He chose for his abode a small island, called Goat Island, a place only fit for wild animals. It is situated just at the top of the falls, before the waters take their fearful leap, —just where they are gathering strength for the plunge into the depth below. This part is called the Rapids, and it is very dangerous. Any one who attempts to cross it—is hurried away by the force of the stream, and dashed to pieces among the rocks. Yet it *is* possible to get to Goat Island. The stranger who settled there was an Englishman. He brought

his books with him, and his guitar; but no companion and no servant. He lived all alone among the rocks; no one knew his name, nor why he chose such a spot. He amused himself by rambling about, and gathering wild fruit, and then giving it to the children whom he met. Twice a year he went to the village on the banks to receive some money from England, and to purchase supplies of food; but he never conversed with any of the people. Sometimes he was seen sitting on the edge of a precipice, with his legs hanging over the yawning, roaring gulf. But the cold of the first winter benumbed his feet, and prevented his climbing any more the dangerous heights.

Then the stranger took to swimming, and this amusement was far more dangerous than climbing, and soon cut short his life. One day his body was seen tossing about among the raging waters; and there it continued to be tossed till it was destroyed, for no arm could reach it amidst the tumult of the torrent. Thus perished miserably, through his own folly, this unhappy youth.

Religion. — The government supports no ministers, but leaves the people to find ministers for themselves. In the great towns the people have provided themselves with many ministers; but there are large tracts of country without any.

In country villages, the minister often has scarcely enough to live upon. The people have a plan for helping him. It is to give a "Bee." What can that be? The people are the bees, and the minister's house is the hive.

A day for the Bee is fixed upon, and the minister is told to be prepared for a great many people coming to his house on that day. Early in the morning of the appointed day—a band of waiters arrive, bearing bowls, baskets, and bottles, containing all kinds of food and wines. They spread the provisions upon the tables of the best rooms in the minister's house. Soon afterwards the congregation assemble to partake of the feast that they themselves have provided. There is abundance of pies and poultry,—fruits and fritters,—jams and jellies,—meats and sweetmeats,—cheese and cheese-cakes. At the proper time appear urns of fragrant tea, and pots of rich coffee. The minister and his family are present, but they are only considered as the guests of the congregation. Between the hours of dinner and of tea, the real guests wander over the house, entering all the rooms; *not to take away* anything,—but *to put* something in many a drawer and many a corner. After tea the congregation depart; and the minister and his family are left by themselves. Wherever they

turn they find some useful gift. In the larder they discover a side of bacon, a cask of butter, and some fine cheeses. In the pantry they see a barrel of sugar, a chest of tea, and a cask of molasses. In the loft they find bags of flour, of buck-wheat, and oatmeal. In his study the minister beholds an easy chair with a rug before it. In their nursery the children are delighted by finding presents of prints for frocks, and of cloth for jackets. The mother opens her wardrobe, and lo!—a warm cloak! she goes to her work-drawer, and finds enough tape, buttons, and cotton, to last her the whole year.

These liberal gifts often enable a poor minister to live in comfort and plenty.

CHARACTER.—There is a great difference between the character of the Americans in the Northern States, and those in the Southern States.

There are so many slaves in the south, that the white people indulge in habits of idleness and luxury. The children, from their earliest age, have black people ready to do everything for them; so they learn to do nothing for themselves. As they grow up, they leave all the work to the slaves, while they lounge upon sofas, reading novels—or divert themselves with company.

The people in the Northern States are very industrious. As there are not many servants to be had, they wait upon themselves. The children are useful to their parents. They can be trusted to go on messages, and to make purchases, and even to go to the *dentist's* by themselves.

The Americans are benevolent. They love to do good, and they have asylums for the blind, and hospitals for the sick, and refuges for the destitute; and they make even their *prisoners* comfortable—perhaps *too* comfortable.

It is a common practice to adopt orphans, and there are numerous orphans to be adopted; for strangers from distant countries are often cut off by fever soon after landing, and their children are left to be wanderers without a home. Then they are adopted. Sometimes a farmer and his wife, who have no children of their own, take in a little stranger; and sometimes children beg their parents to bring a little orphan into the house, and promise to help to take care of it.

There is a magazine published every month, called "The Orphan's Advocate." The purpose of the magazine is to find homes for orphans.

First you will see advertisements of children needing homes, such as these :—

A boy, two years old, wants a home; an infant girl, five months old; another eight months old; a boy eleven years old—all want homes.

Thus persons who are willing to adopt a child can find one of any age they prefer. These adopted children often grow up to be great comforts, and take care of their adopted parents in old age and sickness. It is much better for orphans to be received into *families*, than to be collected into one great *asylum*, as they generally are in England.

Many years ago there lived in America a good minister, who had a wife and nine children. The happiness of the family was suddenly broken by a dreadful event. The mother was standing at a window with her babe in her arms, when a wicked soldier fired at her, and killed her,—but not her babe. About a year afterwards the father also was shot. (These troubles happened at the time when America was fighting against England.)

Nine children were made orphans by the death of these parents. The funeral of the minister was attended by a crowd of mourners. The nine children were present. The minister who was going to bury the body of the father, stood in the chapel near the coffin, surrounded by the weeping congregation. He called the

nine children, and desired them to stand in order close to their father's coffin; they were of all ages, from the infant of two years old to the lad of fourteen. The youngest knew not its own loss; but the eldest knew well that his best friends had been taken away. Every eye was fixed upon the helpless group; and every heart felt interested in their case.

The minister seized the opportunity, and exclaimed, "Behold these orphans; God has promised never to forsake the children of the righteous, nor to let them be in want of bread. Who will now help to fulfil God's promise to *these* little ones? For my part,—I take this boy, and engage to bring him up as my own son. May our good God grant his blessing!" Saying this, the good man drew the eldest boy close to his side, and placed his hands with fatherly kindness upon his shoulder. Tears of pity and of joy started into many eyes. Presently one of the assembly stepped forward, saying, "I will take this child," and folded a timid girl in her motherly embrace. Another took by the hand a rosy little fellow, still wearing a frock, and another clasped in her arms the tender infant. One by one—all the children found a father,—a mother, or both.

And how were the children treated by their

new parents? One,—and *only one* was returned to his relations by those who had adopted him; and even this child found another friend, who gave him a good education. *All* the adopted children turned out well. Their departed parents had often prayed for them, and their prayers were answered when they themselves lay sleeping in the grave.

THE HISTORY OF ZAMBA.

Zamba was the only son of an African king. He was born in a village on the banks of the river Congo. This village, though it consisted only of a hundred huts, was the capital of the kingdom. In the midst of it rose the royal palace. This was not a hut, but a house of twenty rooms, and one of them contained tables and chairs, and a throne with a silken canopy. There were also, in this palace,—china cups, glass bottles, steel knives, silver spoons, and a handsome clock. There were besides, several books in splendid bindings, and adorned with pictures; but there was no one in the palace who could read them.

How did this African king obtain these beautiful things? No one in his kingdom could make them? An American captain had brought them over in his ship. He visited

this king every year, and always gave handsome presents to him and to his family. To the young prince Zamba he once presented a barrel-organ, with eight tunes. And yet these things were not *presents*, but the *wages* of wickedness. The captain gave them, as *rewards* to the king for procuring slaves, for him to sell in America. The king bought some of these slaves of other kings, and some he took prisoners in battle.

But though the captain came to Africa only to do *evil*, he did *good* without intending it. The young prince desired earnestly to read the picture-books in his father's library, and he entreated the captain to teach him to read. The captain consented; in his yearly visits he taught him, and at last presented him with a BIBLE! Zamba read his Bible, but his heart was not changed at this time.

When he was seventeen years old, the prince accompanied his father upon an expedition against another kingdom. Their army was very large in their own eyes; it consisted of one hundred and forty men. They went up the river Congo in five large canoes, and when they arrived at the enemy's village, they set it on fire. The attack was made in the depth of night, and a dreadful conflict ensued. The two African kings were slain—Zamba's father and

his enemy. But Zamba's father had gained the victory before he died, and Zamba returned to his kingdom laden with treasures, and accompanied by many wretched prisoners.

Amongst them—was the daughter of the king who had been slain. Her name was Zillah. She was adorned with the splendour suited to a princess; her necklace was of pearls, her bracelets of gold. But she was a captive and an orphan, and her young heart was bursting with grief.

Zamba regarded her with compassion and admiration, and determined, instead of selling her as a slave, to make her his wife.

About this time the American captain visited the kingdom, and bought the ninety prisoners that had been taken in battle. He tried to persuade Zamba himself to make a voyage, that he might see America and also England; but he could not induce him to go *that time*. The next year, however, he came again, and succeeded in gaining Zamba's consent. He advised the king to take as much gold with him as he could collect, that he might, by selling it in America, make his fortune.

With many tears Zamba parted from his widowed mother and his youthful queen. However, he was cheered by the thought of soon returning full of wisdom and riches. He took

with him two large trunks full of garments and of gold, and also thirty-two slaves.

The ship was large and crowded with slaves; in all there were four hundred and twenty-two. Miserable indeed was their condition! The place where they lay was divided into compartments six feet square, like the divisions of a cotton box; in each square four slaves were kept. The boards which divided these squares were only six inches high, but they served to prevent the slaves rolling all into one heap, when the sea was rough; yet when the sea was *very* rough the slaves *were* all rolled into a heap, notwithstanding the divisions. During the voyage a storm arose, and the slaves being chained together in pairs (at least the *men*), could not help themselves, and fifteen were smothered or crushed to death.

Zamba now saw with his own eyes the miseries that slaves endure upon a voyage; yet he did not repent of his wickedness in having sold so many, and in purposing to sell more. But God, by his JUDGMENTS, made him at last conscious of his sin.

One day, when he asked the captain to hear him read in the New Testament, he was astonished to receive this reply: "Really, Zamba, I ought to receive some payment for giving you so many lessons; I might have caught

many boats full of Negroes during the time I spent in teaching you."

A week afterwards Zamba was in bed, while the captain was drinking with a comrade, and he heard him say, "I do not see what that black fellow can do with so much gold; I shall soon take his gold dust from him, as I well deserve it for teaching him so much. How little the fellow thinks that he will soon be in the same case as the thirty-two Negroes he brought on board the ship!"

What a night of misery Zamba passed, after hearing these words! He looked full of gloom next morning at breakfast, but he said nothing, for he knew it would be of no use to speak.

In the course of the day he contrived to get alone to the cabin, and to take some of his gold out of his trunks, and to hide it in the lining of the clothes he wore, hoping to save a little of his property from the greedy claws of the deceiver. Soon afterwards the captain proposed taking care *himself* of the trunks. Though Zamba knew well what he meant by "taking care," he did not venture to refuse.

At last the ship arrived on the coast of America, and anchored near Charleston. Once Zamba had longed to behold a fine city; but now he had no heart to admire the great guns on the beach, or the carriages in the streets,—

he was only occupied with his own sad lot. The slaves were landed, washed, clothed, and sold in the market-place; (for the law forbidding slaves to be brought from Africa, had not yet been made; *now* they are only brought *secretly*.) The thirty-two Negroes belonging to Zamba were sold with the rest, but their price was not given to *him*.

The captain took care that Zamba did not escape from him. Before he suffered him to land he said to him, "I cannot take you to London, as I am going to part with my ship, but I will leave you in good hands at Charleston, and I myself will *take care* of your property."

What was the agony of Zamba when he found that he was really going to be sold as a slave, and that he should no more behold his native country, nor his beloved Zillah! He exclaimed against the treachery of this treatment;—he threatened to expose his base betrayer;—but there was no help for a *black* man.

The next day a respectable tradesman came to the ship and bought Zamba. When Zamba saw his *own* price paid into the captain's hands he was full of rage; and when the captain gave him a handful of silver out of the money, he could not thank him, but only exclaimed, "I know it is the price of my own flesh and blood."

The captain also gave part of the money to Zamba's master, to be kept for Zamba's use, and he thought himself very generous in doing this; though at the same time he enriched himself with twenty thousand dollars of Zamba's property.

The trader who had bought Zamba sent his clerk to lead him to his store—(a place filled with goods of all sorts for sale). Zamba's master was an auctioneer, and his name was Naylour. He lived in a large brick house, splendidly furnished. At the back there was a spacious court, with small houses on each side for the servants. An upper room was appointed for Zamba.

That night, as he lay upon his bed, his heart began to reproach him for his cruelty in having betrayed his countrymen, and for having made slaves of them.

No servant could be better treated than he was in Mr. Naylour's store: he had moderate labour, plentiful food, and comfortable lodging: but he had lost his LIBERTY. Yet he knew how different his lot was from that of slaves toiling in the fields, beneath the driver's cruel lash, and he felt he did not deserve the mercies he enjoyed.

On Sunday his kind friend, Mr. Thomson, the clerk, took him to several places of worship.

His feelings were hurt at seeing the blacks in a gallery, apart from the rest of the congregation, as if they were not the children of the same Father. He was much struck by the solemn sound of a fine organ, but he was more delighted by the voices of his countrymen singing the praises of God; for in one chapel the hymns were given out two lines at a time, so that poor blacks could join in the worship.

Zamba served his master diligently, and obtained his favour. He also called upon his God earnestly to pardon his sins, and he found peace by trusting in his Saviour's blood. He now rejoiced that he had been cruelly betrayed and basely sold. Still he wondered that men, calling themselves Christians, could keep their fellow-creatures in bondage. Though *he* was never beaten, he knew of many whose flesh was torn by leather thongs for the most trifling faults, such as for spoiling a cup of coffee, or for scorching a muslin gown.

At last an event happened which he had little expected. One day he went down to the harbour, with Mr. Thomson, to see a slave ship that had just arrived. He saw the wretched captives flocking out of the ship, into the sheds upon the shore. Suddenly he heard his own name called out, or rather *screamed* out,

"Zamba, my dear Zamba!" at the same moment a young Negress threw her arms around his neck. It was his own dear Zillah! Zamba was overwhelmed with joy; but, on looking attentively at his beloved, he perceived, with grief, how worn and wasted was her countenance, how rude and tattered her garments! Was *this* the African princess, *once* adorned with gold and pearls, *now* clad in a coarse gown and tattered shawl, with an old handkerchief wrapped around her head? but not the less lovely was Zillah in her Zamba's eyes.

Mr. Thomson, rejoicing in Zamba's happiness, quickly returned home to tell his master the history. Mr. Naylour, upon hearing it, came down to the shore, and bought Zillah for three hundred and fifty dollars, as a reward to Zamba for his faithful service.

Zamba led his Zillah to his master's house, and soon heard from her lips all that had happened since he had left his home.

His mother had died of a *broken* heart, and his two brothers-in-law were governing his kingdom

Zillah related also the manner in which *she* was captured.

After Zamba's departure, she had been accustomed to wander about on the banks of the river, in the hope of hearing tidings of her

royal husband; and she heard at last, that the captain had sold Zamba as a slave in Charleston. In one of her lonely walks by the river side, she observed a large boat approaching the bank; she saw it draw up to the land, and some white men get out. She suspected no danger, as the men did not appear to regard her, or to intend to come near her. Soon they began to chase each other, as if in play; and by degrees they contrived to approach poor Zillah, and before she was aware, they seized her by the waist, and compelled her to enter the boat. They quickly rowed down the river to the place where their ship lay at anchor. There they deprived her of her ornaments, and thrust her into the hold. In the midst of her anguish, a beam of joy lighted up her heart, when she heard the ship was bound for Charleston; but what was her delight to see her husband as soon as she landed!

Zamba instructed his Zillah from day to day in the Word of God, and, after a while, these royal Africans were both humbly partaking of the Lord's supper, as heirs together of an everlasting kingdom.

Once more Zamba saw his treacherous enemy Captain Winton, but oh, how changed! All his ill-gotten wealth was gone,—his health was failing,—his character was lost. He came to Mr. Naylour's store to beg. The first time he

tried to avoid Zamba, as if he felt ashamed; but afterwards he grew bold, and even *asked* him for *money!* Yet he was not sorry for his base conduct. He defended it to Zamba, saying, "I was much tempted; some would have used you worse, and left you without a penny; but I did not, and I found you a good place and a good master." Thus he made excuses for his wickedness; as all sinners do, till convinced by the Holy Spirit that they are without excuse in the sight of God.

Did Zamba relieve this bad bold man? He remembered the scripture, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him;" and he gave him a dollar and a half, which is equal to six shillings. A *dollar and a half* to one who had robbed *him* of TWENTY THOUSAND, and of LIBERTY besides!

The captain was so much touched by this act of generosity, that he dropped a tear on the black hand of the fallen king.

But his DAY was NEAR, and his JUDGMENT was AT HAND.

A few weeks afterwards, Zamba was following his master, as he was strolling about in the country, when he saw, near a grove of myrtles, a group of men collected. Presently he heard the sound of a gun. He went towards the spot whence the sound came, and beheld Captain Winton stretched on the ground in the

pangs of death. He had been just shot in a duel. It had been occasioned by a quarrel at a game of cards. The man who had slain the captain was standing near, not afraid of being punished (for deaths in duels were thought nothing of in that country). Zamba raised the head of his expiring betrayer, and caught a look from his failing eyes that made him think he was remembered. Afterwards he helped to carry the lifeless body to the nearest inn.

But while the oppressor perished miserably, the poor slaves were preserved and blessed. They were at length set free by their grateful master; yet they did not desire to quit his service; they worked for him and received wages. When their master gave up keeping a store, they opened a little shop on their own account, and lived happily, serving God, and helping the distressed.

Few slaves have enjoyed such privileges as Zamba and Zillah. They were blessed with a good master, with each other's society, with knowledge, and at last with liberty. In the midst of their own comforts, they often mourned over the sufferings of their poor brethren in slavery, and longed for the period when their chains shall be broken.

Extracted from the "History of Zamba," a most interesting narrative.

BRITISH AMERICA.

PART of America belongs to England; it is the northern part, and it is called British America. It consists of many countries.

The people of British America are our *fellow-subjects*, while those in the United States are *not*.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

This river divides British America from the United States. It is well that there *is* a river to divide them, for the people of those two countries do not agree well together. There is scarcely another river in the world to be compared to this river; not that it is so great a river, but it is so beautiful. It flows from the largest lake in the world (that is the largest lake of *fresh* water), well called Lake Superior. This lake is so immense, that Ireland might be bathed in it, as a child is bathed in a tub; that is, if islands *could* be bathed.

The river St. Lawrence is famous for the great leaps it makes. It often comes to a steep place, and then it leaps down, and these leaps are called waterfalls. The finest of all is Niagara. That wonderful fall belongs to *both* countries,—the United States and British Ame-

rica; for it lies between both. It is the glory and delight of both.

THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH AMERICA.—There is a great difference between the manners of the people on the opposite sides of the river St. Lawrence.

On the British side they are more civil and respectful; on the other side—they are more industrious and temperate.

There are beggars on the British side; scarcely any on the other.

The people are given to drinking on the British side; they chew tobacco on the other side.

There is a great difference to be observed at dinner, in steam-boats and hotels. In the United States all is hurry and confusion; but in British America, the people enjoy their meals in quiet and at leisure; for they have not so much business to do as the people in the United States, nor are they in such a hurry to grow rich.

In British America there are no slaves. There never can be any in countries that belong to Britain. Slaves of the United States, if they can escape to British America, are safe and free. Numbers therefore take refuge in this land. But it is very cold for black people. In winter it is colder than in England, though in summer it is much hotter. In winter,

nothing meets the eye but a boundless plain of snow, and sheets of ice. In summer, grapes may be seen ripening in the open air.

It is the vast lakes, and the snowy mountains which render the air so cold in winter; but the sun has more power in summer than in England, because there are not so many clouds to veil the skies.

QUEBEC.

This is the capital of British America. It is a beautiful city, built on a steep rock overhanging the river.

British America consists of these countries on the continent:—

Canada.
Nova Scotia.
New Brunswick.
Rupert's Land.

It consists also of these islands:—

Cape Breton.
Prince Edward's Island.
Newfoundland.

Quebec is the capital of all these countries.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The name of this large island makes us

think of those dogs with which children can play,—they are so *gentle;* and on which children can ride,—they are so *large.*

In their native country they often save the lives of drowning men; for there are many ships wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland.

A dog, seeing a sailor struggling with the waves, plunged into the sea to save him; he seized hold of his cap, but it came off in his mouth, and the dog had *not* the sense to let go the cap and seize the sailor by the hair, but seemed satisfied with his prize, and set off towards the shore; but the sailor *had* the sense to seize the dog by the tail, and thus he was towed safely to land.

Here is an anecdote of a much wiser dog than that.

A dog was often employed in dragging to the shore pieces of wood, floating on the sea. One day another dog began to assist him in the labour; but soon getting tired, he dropped the wood out of his mouth, and began to swim towards the land. The other dog saw him, and going after the runaway (or rather the *swim*away), he forced him to return to his work, and made him continue at it, till all the wood was safely landed.

In no place are such dogs more wanted than in Newfoundland. Dead bodies are often cast

upon the shore—sometimes as many as three hundred at once. Large chests are often washed by the waves on to the land. There are men called wreckers, who live by seizing all they can find; and they sometimes murder men who have escaped the waves, in order to get their clothes and money. But there are many articles scattered on the beach, that honest people may pick up. In one family the children had for playthings, bunches of keys found among the rocks.

Newfoundland is a dreary abode. The summer indeed is pleasant, for there is abundance of green grass, and the herds of deer look beautiful feeding on the hills; but the winter is long and severe; the snow falls, and the winds howl, and the ships are wrecked upon the rocks.

There is no such place in the whole world for fishing, on account of a great bank that runs beneath the sea for six hundred miles. Quantities of cod are found there, and quantities are salted, put in barrels, and sent to distant countries.

There are very few churches in the island, because generally there are not people enough living in one place to make a congregation. Two or three families dwell near together, and—twenty miles off—two or three more dwell. If ministers wish to instruct the settlers, they must

travel amongst them. Such ministers must climb crags, and walk along the edge of precipices. At night they must be content to sleep in the smoky huts called "TILLS;" where it is often hard to find a quiet corner.

But sometimes a minister is not able to reach a till by the time night comes on. What must he do then? Make a wooden shovel out of a tree—then dig a hole in the snow; a hole deeper than he is tall; he must make it large, for there must be a fire in the midst. Then he must spread branches of fir-tree on the ground for his bed, that he may not lie on the wet snow. He must have a heap of sticks close beside him, that he may heap on fresh fuel in the night, for if the fire were to go out he would perish from the cold. During the course of the night, the room will grow larger, through the melting of the snow by the fire in the midst.

There are ministers who bear all these hardships in order to teach the poor settlers. In some places they find the people given up to wickedness; but in other places they find souls thirsting for instruction. In some places the people say, "We have never *seen* a clergyman before; we have often *heard* that there were clergymen, and we have wished to see one, and now we *do* see one." Such people listen attentively to the minister. The mothers tell

their little children to repeat their hymns to him, and the children are delighted to be allowed to do so. In one house the minister was kept awake at night by the children in the next room repeating aloud their hymns and prayers, with the creed and commandments. They did so, because they knew a minister was in the house, and they could not sleep for thinking of him; and so they repeated all those holy lessons, not knowing that they were disturbing his rest.

St. John is the capital of Newfoundland. There the English governor resides and the parliament meet.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

All over America there are wandering savages. Once there were a great many, now there are but few; and there are fewer and fewer every year, and so it is probable at last there will be none at all.

And why have they become so few? Because white men have come and taken possession of their lands—the grounds where they used to hunt, and the shores where they used to fish. The Indians have been obliged to go further and further back into the country.

They have perished also by the small-pox; and they have perished by the fiery waters—even rum and brandy.

The North American Indians are the finest race of savages in the world,—the strongest, the bravest, the most generous and honourable. Yet they are very cruel. Their colour is singular: it is red, or rather copper colour. They call themselves the Red children of the Great Father; for they believe in a Great Father whom no eye can see.

These red men are divided into many tribes, each of which has a name, and usually a very strange one. There is the tribe of the Crows and of the Crees,—the Blackfeet and the Flatheads,—the Chipeways and the Ojibeways, besides many more.

These tribes differ from one another in their dress and their customs. The Crows are the finest of all the tribes. They dress in white, and therefore do not much resemble crows, except in the colour of their hair. They are remarkable for the length of their locks. Some have hair ten feet long, and when they walk —it sweeps the ground like a train. But they do not generally let it trail; they wind it up on a block, and carry it under their arms. Other tribes have tried to make their hair grow as long as the Crows, but have never succeeded.

To make it *seem* as long some Indians cunningly glue locks of hair to the end of their own hair; but the Crows look with great contempt on these pretenders. The Crow women have not such very long hair; their locks cover only their shoulders.

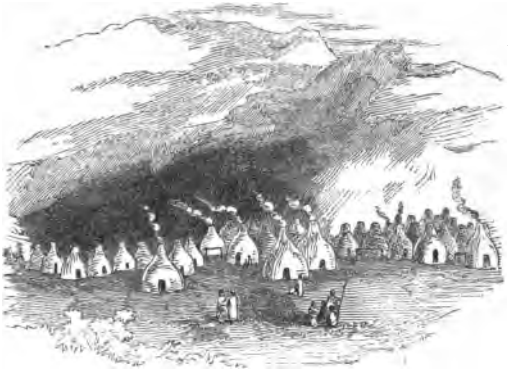
CUSTOMS.—The Indians are wanderers, like the Tartars of Asia; but they do not go about to find pasture for their flocks (for they have no flocks), but to find animals to hunt.

They dwell in tents made of the skins of buffaloes. They stay two or three weeks in one

Skin Huts.

place. When they move, all the work falls on the women. They have to take down the tents. They make their horses drag the long poles of the tents, and then they sit with their chil-

dren and bundles on the poles. What uncomfortable carriages to ride in!



Straw Huts.

Bark Huts.

The dogs are expected to draw a little of the baggage; but they are so cunning as to hide themselves as soon as they see the packing begin.

In winter the Indians live in log huts, because they are warmer than tents. Some tribes, who have corn, live in *straw* huts; and others, who have trees, live in huts made of the *bark* of the birch tree. An Indian hut is called a wigwam.

What is the calumet? It is the pipe of peace —not the common pipe that the Indian is always smoking, but the pipe used on great occasions, when an agreement is made; then

Women, and babes on their backs.

this sacred pipe is taken out of its cloth wrapper, and each of the persons making peace smoke the calumet a little while.

It is the custom of some tribes for mothers to keep their babes in moss-bags, and never to take them out. When the mother travels she carries the moss-bag on her back. To amuse the child, little playthings are fastened to the bag. The babe is kept a whole year in this bag, and then taken out and allowed to crawl about. At first its limbs must be very weak, from having been so long confined; but they gain strength by degrees, from climbing, and running, and swimming.

A woman with babe in arms.

A Flathead woman and babe.

If the babe dies while in its moss-bag (and no doubt many do), the mother places the dead babe in a tree, and keeps the moss-bag as a remembrance. She stuffs it with black feathers, and often talks to the bag, as if the babe were still alive.

FOUR-BEARS.

This was the name of a man of the Mandan tribe. In his own language it was Manitopah. He was the greatest warrior of all his tribe, and he was very proud.

Once a white man came to visit the tribe.

He was not a missionary, but an artist, very clever in painting pictures. He offered to paint Four-Bears. The thought of being painted, delighted the proud savage; he dressed himself in his most magnificent clothes; he put on his sheep-skin shirt, his deer-skin stockings, his buffalo-skin robe. That robe had a dark trimming—it was of black hair, but not of horses' hair; it was the hair of MEN that Four-Bears had slain in battle. Of this trimming the warrior was more proud than he would have been of gold or silver lace. Four-Bears wore a necklace,—but not of beads; it was made of the claws of FIFTY GRISLY BEARS—a fit necklace for one who delighted in bloodshed. In his hand he held a tall spear, made of the stem of a young tree; it was pointed with steel, and stained with BLOOD, dried upon it. What blood? Four-Bears gave the painter the history of that blood, while his picture was being painted.

THE STORY OF THE BLOOD-STAINED SPEAR.

Once upon a time Four-Bears found a dead body lying on the earth; it was covered with blood, and pierced with a spear; the spear was still there. Four Bears immediately knew that it was the body of his own brother.

But who had killed him? The spear no

doubt belonged to the murderer. Four-Bears drew it out of the body and brought it to his own village. Many there knew it, and cried out, "It is the spear of Wongatop."

From that moment Four-Bears resolved what to do. "I will never be satisfied," said he, "till I have plunged that very spear in the heart of Wongatop, and dyed it in *his* blood."

Long did he watch for his enemy, but he watched in vain. Wongatop never crossed his path, nor came within his reach.

During four years that spear stood in the hut of Four-Bears, with no blood but that of his brother's dried upon it.

At last Four-Bears snatched it up, saying, "As he does not come near me, I will go and find him."

He went alone,—the deadly spear in his hand. He travelled during the night, and hid himself during the day; for he knew there were many of his enemies watching for his life. The journey was two hundred miles.

It was dusk when Four-Bears arrived at the village where his enemy dwelt. Many people were sauntering among the huts, but no one observed Four-Bears. By degrees, all the inhabitants retired to their huts.—All was still.

Four-Bears knew well the abode of his enemy. Before he went in, he peeped through the

chinks in the wall, and saw Wongatop smoking his pipe. Soon he saw Wongatop lie down upon his bed;—then he entered. There was a fire burning in the midst of the hut, and a pot of boiling meat hanging over it. Four-Bears was very hungry. He was not afraid to sit down and eat; for it is the custom among the Indians to permit *any* stranger to enter *any* hut, and to eat *anything* he may find. It is a kind and generous custom. Four-Bears took care to sit with his back towards his enemy, that his face might not be seen.

The wife of Wangatop was awake, and she said to her husband, "There is a strange man eating there."

"Never mind," replied Wongatop, "let him eat; I suppose he is hungry."

I wonder that kind speech did not melt the heart of Four-Bears.

When he had finished eating he began to smoke his pipe, and while smoking he contrived to look round, to see exactly where his enemy was, that he might destroy him suddenly. As the fire was almost out—there was no risk of his face being remembered. Hastily he started up, and plunged the spear into the heart of Wongatop, and then, with his knife, he cut off his scalp (that is, the skin on the crown of his head); on which grew long flowing black locks.

It was a precious prize in his eyes,—for it was a proof that his enemy was killed.

With the bloody spear in one hand, and the bleeding scalp in the other, Four-Bears hastened back to his country, and there displayed his horrible treasures with savage triumph.

Such was the history that Four-Bears related to the painter. He bade him look at the spear, and see his brother's blood dried upon it, and his enemy's dried over it. This was his glory, for he knew not the Scriptures, or the command, "Avenge not yourselves." He pointed out to the painter, amongst the trimmings of his robe, the hair of Wongatop.

One day Four-Bears invited the painter to dine with him. He lived in a hut covered with earth, and which looked like a hillock.

The Mandan tribe did not move about like most other tribes, but always lived in huts.

Four-Bears had a very large hut. It was in size like a barn. Close by the walls seven Indian women with their children were sitting. They did not venture to come near the visitor, nor even to speak.

In the midst of the hut a fire was burning, and near it, upon a rush mat, the dinner was spread. It consisted of three dishes. One

was roasted buffalo, looking like beef; another was boiled turnips, and the third was "Pemmican" (which is buffalo's flesh dried, and pounded small): slices of marrow fat were eaten with this dry stuff, instead of butter. No one partook of the repast except the painter; not even Four-Bears himself; he only sat by, ready to prepare his pipe when dinner was over. This was Indian politeness.

Indian chief at dinner.

A beautiful skin was spread on the ground for the painter's seat during dinner. It was a buffalo's skin, and it was covered with paintings of all the conflicts in which Four-Bears had been engaged. He had slain with his own hand—fourteen enemies. The slaughter of Wongatop was painted upon the skin. It had

taken Four-Bears a fortnight to paint this skin. He had prepared it for his guest, and now he presented it to him, for he wished him to be acquainted with all his mighty acts.

What was the end of this victorious savage?

It was miserable indeed.

He and all his tribe PERISHED!

There are no Mandans now.

The small-pox came and cut them all off.

The small-pox entered the hut of Four-Bears, and destroyed all those obedient wives and their little children. Four-Bears alone remained.

When Four-Bears saw that all his family were dead, he piled up their dead bodies and covered them with buffalo skins, and then he left them, and went alone to a hill at a little distance. There he lay for six days and six nights, neither eating nor drinking. At the end of that time he was able just to crawl back to his hut. It was already a loathsome tomb; for it was filled with the decaying bodies of his family; yet there he lay down, and died.

ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA.—There are troops of wild horses feeding in the prairies. The Indians catch them on horseback; for they have *tame* horses as well as wild. The *first* horses that came to America were tame.

It was the Spaniards who brought them. Many of their horses escaped, and they grew wild, and that is the reason there are so many troops of wild horses.

Wild horses being caught.

When an Indian desires to catch a wild horse, he mounts a tame horse, and takes a lasso in his hand. This lasso is a loop at the end of a rope. The Indian is able to throw it over the head of the wild horse. But when he has caught the horse, he has a hard struggle to keep it. He dismounts his tame horse, and stands on the ground before the wild horse, that he may use all his strength in pulling the lasso very tight round his neck. He then ties its two fore-feet together, and obliges the animal to submit to his power. By degrees he

tames the wild horse. Many Indians keep ten horses for their own riding.

Wild horse just caught.

There are also large herds of buffaloes, that wander about the prairies. Though called *buffaloes* they are really *bisons* (which are much more terrible beasts, and much uglier than buffaloes). The Indians kill these animals for food.

When an Indian wishes to kill a buffalo, he does not take his lasso, but his bow and arrows. He gallops after the herd, till he overtakes a buffalo. Then he rides even with it, not holding the bridle, but using both his hands in shooting arrow after arrow into the side of the heavy animal, till at last it falls down dead; then with great joy he dismounts, and

cuts up his prey. He roasts some of the flesh, and pounds the rest into pemmican, while he makes the skin into a robe, and wears the horns as an ornament on his head, or places them on the top of his tent.

Bison or buffalo.

There are dogs also. They are very useful in the cold parts of America, where there is not much grass for horses, for they are employed in drawing sledges.

Their flesh is considered good to eat, though not nearly as good as the buffaloes'. It is, however, reckoned an honour to be invited to a dog feast.

The painter we have spoken of was invited to one. He took with him some English friends.

Children, hut, and dog.

The feast was given in the open air, and thousands of Indians were assembled to behold it.

A row of kettles stood on the ground, containing broth made of the boiled flesh of dogs. This broth was poured into earthen bowls, and presented to the guests with spoons of buffalo horn.

The painter and his friends, not being accustomed to this kind of food, did not wish to take any; but, in order not to offend the Indians, they just took one spoonful each, and then gladly passed on their bowls to the hungry crowd of Indians.

The master of the feast then made a speech,

saying, "I have not given to the white man the *best* food I have (the *best* food is buffalo hump and marrow), but I have slain my faithful dogs to show him that I will be as faithful to *him* as my dogs are to *me*."

Though the Indian kills his dog, he loves him too, and he often weeps over his poor head when he sees it served up in a bowl.

RELIGION. — The Indians do not worship idols. They believe there is a good Spirit, whom they call Father. But they believe also in an evil spirit, and they think that he is stronger than the good Spirit. Is not this idea enough to make them miserable?

We know that there is an evil spirit, but we know that the good Spirit, even our God, is far stronger than any evil spirit, and therefore we can say, "If God be for us, who shall be against us?"

But the Indians cannot say so. They are always trying to defend themselves from the evil spirit. They have many foolish ways of doing so. Their chief trust is in their medicine-bag.

What is that? It contains neither rhubarb, nor senna, nor any kind of medicine. By "medicine" the Indian means "mystery," or a secret charm.

There are different sorts of medicine-bags.

Some are large, some are small; some are made of wolf's skin, and some of rat's skin.

When a boy is about fifteen he makes his medicine (for girls have no medicine-bags). He goes and wanders about the country, and when he comes back, he says he has had a dream about his medicine-bag, telling him of *what* it is to be made. No one can know whether the boy is speaking truth or not. Whatever animal's skin the bag is to be made of, the boy must kill that animal *himself*, be it a great buffalo, or only a little puppy. Then he must keep his medicine-bag all his life long. If he lose his medicine-bag he is despised by all.

Medicine-bags are often lost in battle, for every one tries, if he can, to get his enemy's bag from him. A man who has lost his medicine-bag must not make a *new* one—that would not do; his only way is to get another from an enemy, and when he succeeds in doing this, he is more respected than if he had never lost his own, and he is called "medicine honorable."

It is impossible to persuade an Indian to sell his medicine-bag; he values it more than his life. It would be well if Christians valued their souls as Indians value their medicine-bags. The Indian thinks thus with himself,

"What would it profit me, if I were to gain the whole world, and lose my medicine-bag?"

Every Indian has his medicine-bag (if he have not lost it), but every Indian is not a "MEDICINE-MAN." That is the highest honour an Indian can have. Every one who does anything that appears wonderful to the Indians, is counted a medicine-man. The gentleman who painted the pictures of many Indians so well, was called "great medicine."

One way of getting to be counted a medicine-man, is by making rain come; that is, by *pretending* to make it come.

When there has been no rain for a long while, the young men in the village assemble together. One of them undertakes to make the rain come; and he stands upon a high place, with a lance in his hand, pointing at the clouds, pretending to pierce them. He stands there all day long talking to the clouds, and threatening them with words and gestures. If the rain come while he is doing this, he becomes immediately a medicine-man; but if no rain come, then, next day, another man takes his place and tries. So the men try one after another; and *one* is sure to get the title of medicine-man; for the rain is sure to come *at last*. Whoever is so fortunate as to gain this honour, takes care never to try another time,

lest he should lose his title, and be called "no medicine," and so be more despised than before.

These medicine-men are the great deceivers of the Indians. When a man is dying, one of these creatures is called in.

Once a poor Indian had been shot by accident, and was lying in the agonies of death. The medicine-man was sent for. Soon the sound of his great rattle was heard, and every one was silent, and made way to let him pass. He was more frightful than can be imagined. He was covered with the skin of a yellow bear,

Mystery Man.

and his face was hidden under the bear's face. All manner of strange things were hung about him,—skins of snakes,—hoofs of deer,—beaks of birds,—claws, paws, and jaws,—teeth, tongues, and tails; for all of these were medicine.

In one hand he brandished a spear,—in the other he shook a rattle as large as a tea-tray. The rattling noise was made by strings of bones that dangled and knocked against one another. He himself was growling, and grunting like a real bear. The horrible object came on jumping and starting at every step. This was the creature who was to help the dying man. How did he help him? By dancing round him,—jumping over him,—pulling, rolling, and dragging him about. In the midst of these torments, the dying man expired.

How different is the treatment the Christian meets with in *his* last hours! Soft, kind voices whisper precious promises, and offer up earnest prayers in the name of Jesus.

CHARACTER.—The most striking features in the character of the Indian are BRAVERY and CRUELTY. The children are encouraged to torment animals. The mother smiles to see her little ones tearing little birds to pieces.

The boys are early instructed in the art of taking scalps.

They are collected together in the open field, and are divided into two armies, each under the command of a man. They are taught to fight with blunt arrows. Every boy wears a tuft of grass on his head to represent a scalp. If an arrow strike him in a vital part, he is bound to fall down as *if* dead (though not at all hurt), and the boy who hit him, runs towards him and tears off the tuft of grass from his head, as *if* it were a scalp.

No wonder boys brought up in this way, delight in fighting with *sharp* arrows when they are men.

But the Indians are cruel, not only to their enemies,—they are cruel to their aged parents. The painter once saw a tribe packing up their tents to remove to another place. There was an old man there; his eyes were dim, his skin withered, and his back bent by the weight of a hundred years. There he was sitting all alone beneath a covering of skin, stretched on four poles. Beside him was a small fire, a few buffalo bones with a little meat upon them, and a dish of water. His sons and daughters were going to remove with their tribe to another place, but he was not going with them. He did not ask to be taken. He said to them, "Leave me, I am old—I cannot go—I wish to die. I will not be a burthen to my children.

I LEFT MY FATHER AS YOU LEAVE ME." So he remained behind. Had his children loved him,—had they feared God,—they would have carried him with *them*, or have stayed behind with *him*.

The painter was not able to remain with the old man; for he was going in a boat down the river.

A few months afterwards he returned the same way. He stepped on shore, and went to look at the spot where he had seen the poor old Indian. There was the skin covering, still stretched upon the poles,—there were the ashes of the fire,—but where was the aged man?—a little way off there lay a skull, and some bones picked quite clean. It was clear that the wolves had been there.

Yet, though the Indians treat their parents cruelly, they love their children.

There was a chief named Blackrock. He had an only daughter of a sweet countenance and modest behaviour. The painter drew her picture. She was dressed in skins, adorned with brass buttons, and her soft black tresses were plaited, and her ears were adorned with strings of beads. The picture was so much admired, that a gentleman purchased it, and hung it up in his house. No one knew what had become of the girl, till one day Blackrock

came to the house where the picture was, and entering the room, went up to the picture, and exclaimed, "My heart is glad again, now I see her here alive. I want this picture which the great medicine-man drew, that I may always talk to my daughter, for she is DEAD. She died whilst I was absent, hunting buffaloes. I want my daughter. Take her down, and give her to me. I have brought ten horses with me and a beautiful wigwam, as the price of my daughter."

Blackrock's Daughter.

The owner, seeing how much the father loved his daughter, took down the picture from the wall, and placed it in his hands, saying, "The picture is yours. Keep your horses and your wigwam too. May they help

to mend your generous heart, broken by the loss of your only daughter."

With great delight and much gratitude, Blackrock carried home the precious picture.

The poor heathens have no real comfort in their afflictions; for they know not *who* sends trouble, or *why* He sends it.

RUPERT'S LAND.

THIS is one of the countries of British America, but it is so cold that the British have built no cities there. It lies close by one of the great lakes, called Winnipeg, and through

Missionary teaching Indians.

it runs a river called the Red River. By the banks of that river some missionaries have settled, and built a pretty village. There are many Indians living in that village, and worshipping the true God in their little white church.

When a missionary first came to the spot, there was an Indian chief named Pigwys who wanted him to go away. He said, "Before the white men came to trouble the ground with their ploughs, our rivers were full of fish, and our woods of deer; our shores abounded in beavers, and our plains were covered with buffaloes. But now our beavers are gone for ever,—our buffaloes are fled to the lands of our enemies,—and even our geese dare not pass over the smoke of the white man's chimneys. Thus we are left to starve, while you whites are growing rich upon the very dust of our fathers."

But is Pigwys sorry *now* that the white men came to his country. No, he rejoices, because he has heard of a *better* country, even a heavenly.

One day when he was sitting in the missionary's house with the missionary's child in his arms, this little conversation took place.

"Are there not many," said the good missionary, "who would rejoice to see you turn back to the heathen religion?" "Yes," replied Pigwys,

with great warmth, "there are; BUT I WILL NEVER GO BACK. I am soon going to die."

Chief Pigwys with Missionary's child.

May the Lord keep him from going back, and preserve him to his heavenly kingdom.

This Pigwys belongs to the tribe of the Ojibeways.

Several hundred miles beyond the Red River is the Lake La Ronge.

There also missionaries have settled in the bitter cold. The lake is frozen in winter, and the ground thickly covered with snow.

Once, in the midst of winter, there arrived at the place a poor Indian, who seemed at the point to die from cold and hunger. He had just strength to creep to a cottage and ask for

food. When he had eaten a little fish, he revived. Then he began to tell his troubles. "I have got here *myself*," he said "but I have thrown my *family* away." What did he mean? He meant that he had left his family in the snow, because they had not been able to proceed on their way.

There was a Christian Indian, named Abraham, who heard the sad tale. He immediately set out to look for the starving family, taking with him a little fish. He observed in the snow the foot marks of the Indian who had just arrived, and by following those marks, he at length found the family that had been "thrown away." They were all crowded together in a heap in the midst of the snow,

Abraham finding Indian family in snow.

unable to move, and expecting soon to die. There was a woman, three children, and two youths. Abraham quickly lighted a fire, and boiled a little fish. He did not give any of the fish to the starving creatures, for he knew they were too weak te eat. He only gave them in a spoon a little of the water in which the fish had been boiled. By degrees they opened their eyes, and at last they were able to speak. Abraham continued to feed them, till they had strength enough to creep after him to the missionary village. What must have been the delight of Abraham, when he saw the father restored to his "thrown-away" family! How different are Christian Indians from the heathen—they save the lives of *strangers* at the risk of their own, while the heathen forsake their own *parents* when they are old.

There is another missionary station, called White Dog. Once a chief arrived there, named Little Boy. He was an old man, and had come a great way. What did he want? "O," said he to the missionary, "I want some one to teach me; three times a promise has been made to me by the white men to send me a missionary; but none has ever come to teach me, so I am come here to learn." The missionary gladly began to teach the poor old man. After he had talked to him a long while, Little Boy re-

plied, "Some of these things I have heard before: my father used to tell me not to steal and tell lies; but THAT NAME I never heard before."

"What name?" inquired the missionary.

"The name of Jesus," replied the chief.

The missionary then told him how DEAR a NAME it was—the NAME that fills heaven with joy,—the NAME which is ABOVE every name.

Little Boy said he wished to hear that name very often, and he came and settled at White Dog, that he might be taught every day out of the "Great God's Book."

There are Indians who have become ministers. There is an Ojibeway Indian named Peter Jacobs, who is a minister. He lives in a very cold place, close to the shores of Hudson's Bay. The Indians have so little food that they often come into the house where Peter and his family are at dinner, and watch, with longing eyes, every morsel they put into their mouths. Peter would gladly feed them all, but he has scarcely food enough for his own children. Sometimes the Indians watch an opportunity and steal Peter's dinner off the fire, when it is boiling. They are not at all ashamed of such thefts, but tell Peter afterwards how much they enjoyed the good food.

Peter remembers the time when he was as

wicked and ignorant as they are. In those days he used to offer up this prayer to the bright sun in the sky:

"O god, the sun, I beseech thee to hear my prayers. Guide my steps to the place where a deer is feeding, that I may get near him, shoot him, kill him, and have something to eat."

Afterwards Peter heard a missionary preach: but at first he thought that the white man's God would not be *his* God. Then he thought that the white man's God could only understand the white man's *language*. Therefore he learned to repeat a little prayer in English. It was this:—

"O God, be merciful to me,—poor Indian boy,—great sinner."

Peter wished he might be allowed to pray in his own Ojibeway language, for he did not know English well. One day he heard a Christian Indian return thanks to God in Ojibeway; then he was glad. "Now I see," said Peter, "that God *does* understand the poor Indian's tongue." So he went to pray in the woods. God soon showed him that he understood his prayer, by answering it, and giving him a new heart.

Peter Jacobs was the *first* of all the Ojibeway Indians who believed in Christ, but afterwards hundreds turned unto the Lord.

Taken from the "Missionary Gleaner," and other Missionary Magazines.

CALIFORNIA.

EVERY one has heard of California as a country abounding in gold. The inhabitants are descendants of Spaniards. There are only a few Indians left, and their number is lessening every day.

The Spanish Californians are a fine race of people, but fond only of amusement, especially of riding and gambling.

Their skill in catching the wild horses is like the skill of the Indians. They practise the art of throwing the lasso from childhood. The infant may be seen throwing the lasso (or the loop) around the kitten's neck; the little boy around the dog's neck; the great boy around the goat's neck; till at last the man is able to stop the wild horse in its course. Yet sometimes the violence of the horse is more than the strength of man can endure.

A Californian caught a horse, and then tied it between two trees, that he might put a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth. Next he commanded his Indian servant to mount him. The man obeyed. What a scene ensued! The horse immediately began to resist with all its might,—bumping up its back,—jumping, with its head doubled down,—rushing forward,—and kicking out fiercely; darting

onwards with the speed of lightning, and when checked, rearing and plunging for ten minutes together. At length, wearied with his own violence, he paused,—yet, the rider lifted not up his head, but remained drooping on the saddle. The Californian ran forward to discover the cause, and found, to his dismay, —the Indian quite DEAD! The struggle had been too severe, and some blood-vessel had broken. Yet so little feeling did the Californian show, that he soon mounted the animal himself, and raced him over the plain, till he had exhausted him and tamed him.

Californian on horseback.

THE GOLD SEEKERS.

On the banks of the river Sacramento, people from various countries are digging for gold. Some in little pans, like basins, and some in large cradles, like troughs, are washing the earth to find the specks of gold. The gold-seekers live in tents, and undergo great hardships from soaking rains and sultry suns,—from want of food, and fear of the Indians.

There was a poor youth who came from the United States to dig for gold. He was only seventeen years old. His name was Eiffe. He had lost his father, and had a widowed mother and six sisters, looking to him for support. He had also a debt of a thousand dollars to pay. His father had borrowed that sum to build a house upon his farm, but had died before he could pay his debt. There seemed no way in which Eiffe could get the money, except by digging for gold.

Bidding farewell to his weeping mother and young sisters, he set out; but having no money for the journey, he obtained a place as waggon-driver to a party who were going to California.

When he arrived at the river's banks, he laboured with untiring diligence; he avoided bad company, and refused to play at cards, as

so many did, whenever the weather stopped their work.

In a few months he obtained as much gold dust as was worth eighteen hundred dollars. Afraid of losing the treasure, he concealed it in his leathern belt, and prepared to return home.

He obtained again the situation of waggon-driver. As he journeyed he reached a river so much swollen by the winter rains, that the oxen were scarcely able to make their way across. Eiffe dashed into the water to help the poor beasts; but the force of the stream was so great, that he himself was nearly swept away, and would have perished, had not an expert swimmer seen his danger and rescued him.

Eiffe had received no harm in the water, but his clothes of course were wet. He took them off to put on a dry suit, and left the wet clothes on the floor of the waggon. Amongst these wet garments was the GOLDEN BELT. *That* too was left lying upon the waggon floor.

A few hours afterwards, Eiffe came to another rapid stream. A worse accident than the first occurred here. The waggon was upset! Eiffe got safely to shore on the back of an ox.

But great was his grief on account of the upsetting of the waggon. His companions began to comfort him, assuring him that he

would find his trunks again, as they would float on the water. Eiffe, with a deep sigh, replied, "I know my *trunks* will be found, but my *belt* will not; it has sunk, and will never be found. It contains the fruit of all my labour. I care not for myself,—I grieve for my mother and sisters."

His words proved true; the trunks WERE found entangled in some willow-trees; but the belt was NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

Eiffe soon wiped away his tears, and returned to California to labour during the whole summer as he had laboured during the whole winter.

How easily are earthly treasures lost! But there are treasures which no stream can wash away, even the blessings of pardon and peace through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We know not whether poor Eiffe obtained as great a sum as he had lost, or whether he was cut off by the fevers, which, in summer, often destroy the gold-diggers.

ST. FRANCISCO.

This city is at the mouth of the river Sacramento, and is the capital of California.

It is one of the most wicked cities in the world. Its grandest houses are gambling-

houses. Sweet music is played within to attract the passers-by. If they enter, they see tables sparkling with piles of gold and silver, while anxious faces are passing cards from hand to hand. Morning, noon, and night the gambling continues, and gold that has been gained by a *year's* labour is lost in a few *minutes*.

Sometimes a man who has lost his all, grows desperate, and struggles hard to keep his money. But he is soon silenced by one of the pistols hidden under the table. One day a lad was shot while gambling. The body was no sooner removed, than the murderer went on his game, without fear of punishment.

Even on the Sabbath-day the gambling-houses are filled.

The Rocky Mountains divide California from the rest of America.

The Snowy Mountains run all through California. Many going to the diggings have perished in crossing them.

GREENLAND.

THIS name would give the idea of a land abounding in *green* trees and *green* grass. But Greenland is a land of snow and ice. There is only one month in the year when snow *never* falls, and that is July. In September there is ice. In summer the snow melts in the valleys; and then grass and flowers appear in a few spots, while the rest are covered with white moss.

Snowland would be the right name for this country, and it was its *first* name. It was a deceitful man who gave it the name of Greenland, to persuade the people of Iceland to settle there.

ANIMALS.—There is an animal in Greenland more necessary to the Greenlanders than any other animal is—to any other people—it is the SEAL. The seal feeds and clothes the Greenlanders; furnishes covering for their houses and their boats; and gives them light and warmth during their long dark winter.

The seals are *beasts*, and yet they partake of the nature of *fishes*. They have little round heads, large fiery eyes, and merely holes for their ears. The sound of their voices is like the grunting of a pig. Their legs are too

short for walking, though well suited to swimming; the two fore-feet have sharp claws, by which they cling to the rocks and ice, and the hind-feet are webbed like those of a duck. Sometimes they lie sleeping on the rocks, and sometimes they are hunting for fishes in the water.

The Greenlander goes out in his little boat to kill the seals. This boat is called a kajak, and is made of whalebone covered with seal-

Man in kajak.

skin,—and so well covered all over, that no water can get in when the seal hunter is seated in it. It is very difficult to catch seals; it requires much skill to throw the dart, so as to strike the animal before it dives into the

water. A good seal-catcher is honoured as much as a nobleman is in other countries, especially if his father and grandfather have also been good seal-catchers.

The whale is another animal much prized in Greenland on account of the immense quantities of oil it yields. A full grown whale is two hundred feet long.

The sea-horse might better have been called the sea-elephant; for he has two great tusks, by which he lays hold of the rocks while searching for sea-weed in the water. *There* he is sometimes disturbed by the great white bear, who prowls among the rocks and ice looking for animals to devour.

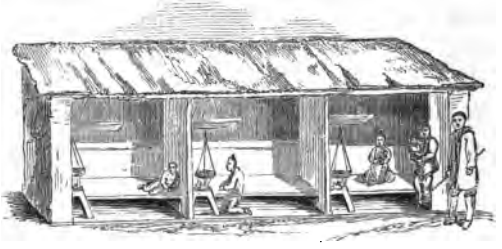
There is also the white hare and the blue fox; and (strange to say) the Greenlanders think the fox better food than the hare.

The only tame animal is the dog. Though it cannot bark, it is useful in defending its master from the bears, and in drawing him in his sledge.

HABITATIONS.—The Greenlanders use every method to keep themselves warm; yet very hard they find it to avoid being frozen in their beds. Several families live in one house, and the rooms are divided like stalls in a stable; each family have a stall where they sleep at night, and sit in the day. The house is

built of large stones, and roofed with planks, cast on the shore by the waves. There are no trees in Greenland large enough for planks, but God has arranged that trees from other countries shall be brought by the waters to this country.

This drift-wood (for thus it is called) is thought too precious to be burned for firing; so there is no fire in Greenland, not even a stove,—nothing but a lamp. Just before each stall there is a stool, on which stands a

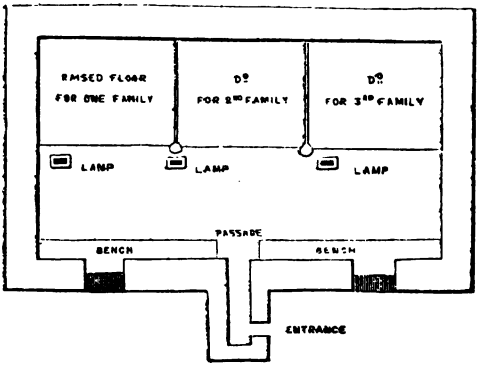


Greenland house.

bowl of oil with a wick of moss, and that is the lamp to give warmth as well as light, to each family. A kettle full of fish, or seal's flesh, is hung by strings from the ceiling over each lamp, and is always boiling, night and day, ready to satisfy any hungry person. There are two or three small windows in the

house filled—not with glass—but with a transparent skin from the inside of a seal, and which gives a very dim light.

A narrow wooden passage leads into the house; and it is so low, that it is necessary to creep along. No door closes the entrance, because if there were there would be no air in the



Plan of a Greenland house.

house, and the inhabitants would be suffocated. As it is, the house is very close and unpleasant. The Greenlander uses water to drink, and to boil his food in, but not to wash himself, or his clothes.

When a stranger arrives he is kindly received; his damp clothes are hung up on a rack over a lamp to dry; and he is invited to

sleep on a bench in the passage opposite the stalls. He is feasted with seal's flesh or whale's tail, or berries steeped in oil, and he is invited to join in sniffing up the snuff out of the horn, when it is handed round.

FOOD.—There is no BREAD; for corn will not grow. There is a little fruit—crowberries, bilberries, and cranberries, and they are thought as much of as plums and cherries are here, and made into jam, not with *sugar*,—but with *oil*. The only vegetables are greens, and lettuces, radishes, and turnips.

There is no milk, nor butter, nor cheese, for the Greenlander has no *tame* reindeer to give him milk; all the reindeer are *wild*.

There is nothing for the poor Greenlander but fish, and the flesh of seals, bears, and rein-

Greenlandman with seal.

deer, a few berries, and a few greens, with oil for sauce, and water to drink.

DRESS.—The Greenlander is clad from head to foot in seal's skin, or sometimes in deer-skin: the seams are formed of seals' sinews. His shirt is made of the skin of fowls, with the feathers inside. The women dress nearly the same as the men; only, instead of cutting their hair short, they gather it up in a knot, and adorn it, if they can, with a gay ribbon, or a string of beads. A woman who has a baby wears a gown wide enough in the back to admit the child. It needs no clothes, as it is always warm enough in this bag; and the mother is able to go about and use her hands without being hindered by nursing.

Woman and babe.

Do you feel inclined to pity the poor Greenlanders? Their summer so short,—their winter so long,—never cheered by the sight of green fields in spring,—nor of fruitful trees in summer,—nor of a golden harvest in autumn,—nor of a blazing hearth in winter.

Yet the Greenlander has his pleasures. During winter nights, the moon shines bright upon the snow, and there is a glorious light in the sky, called the Aurora Borealis. Then the Greenlander delights in gliding in his sledge, drawn by his faithful dogs, over the snowy plains.

In summer it is pleasant to rove from place to place. The women have a large boat, rowed by four, and steered by one; they carry their tents in it, and pitch them in various spots. The men delight in hunting the reindeer, as well as in catching seals. And their long summer nights, when the sun never sets, are sweeter than our summer days.

The Greenlander considers no country is to be compared with his; and he pines away when taken to another.

But does the light of the Gospel shine in Greenland?

Blessed be God, it *does;* though there are a few heathens still to be found there.

How was the Gospel made known in Greenland?

There was a little Danish boy, named Hans Egede. He had read that there once were Christians in Greenland, and he wanted to see whether there were any there still; he could not go while he was a *boy;* but when he was a *man* he did. He went in a ship, lent to him by some merchants, and he took his wife, and his four little children. The ship having conveyed him there, left him there.

He built a hut of stones for himself and his family, and began to try to learn the Greenland tongue. He went to live in one of the Greenland houses for a month, and let his two little boys come with him, knowing they would learn faster than himself. How uncomfortable he must have felt in one of those close and noisy abodes! But he bore all for Christ's sake. Afterwards he took two orphans into his house, hoping they would help to teach *him* while he taught *them;* but when spring came they left him, and like Noah's raven returned no more.

He was often in want of food, though ships from Denmark sometimes brought it. As he could not catch seals, he could not provide for his own subsistence.

For twelve years he laboured, but saw NO Greenlander turn to the Lord.

Great was his joy when two Moravian mis-

sionaries arrived to help him. Their names were Matthew and Christian Stack. They came from Hernhutt, in Prussia, and they called the place where they settled, "New Hernhutt."

The new missionaries were not better treated by the Greenlanders than Egede. When they visited the houses, they were often asked when they meant to go. The people, indeed, returned their visits; but it was only to see what presents they could get, or what things they could steal.

A dreadful calamity now befell this wicked nation. A Greenland boy went in a ship to Denmark,—returned home,—and fell ill of the small-pox. The disease had never been known in Greenland before. It spread rapidly. Numbers died;—and no wonder; for the sick used to go out in the cold air, and drink cold water. Some, impatient of the burning fever, plunged into the sea, and perished there.

All the missionaries visited the dying, but in many houses they found only dead bodies. They received also all the sick people who came to them into their houses, and nursed them with tender care. The heathens were surprised at such kindness. One of them, when dying, said to Hans Egede, "You have been kinder to us than we have been to one another; you

have fed us when dying; you have buried us when dead, and thus preserved us from being devoured by dogs, foxes, and ravens; and you have told us of God, and eternal life."

In one year, two thousand people died of the small-pox (nearly *half* the people in the land). It might be expected that those who recovered would be grateful to the friends who had shown them such kindness. Far from being grateful, they continued to treat them with scorn. When they wanted food, they came to them, and they were not ashamed to say, "When your stock of fish is gone, we shall listen to you no more." And they kept their word. The next year the missionaries were in want of food, and the ungrateful people refused even to *sell* them any of their seals; and if it had not been for *one* kind man, the missionaries would have died from hunger.

At last a ship came bringing provision, and also more missionaries. In this ship Hans Egede returned to his own country. The last sermon he preached was from this text:—"My judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." He had converted *none* of the heathens; but he had laboured for the Lord, and he felt that the Lord would not forget him.

The Greenlanders continued to mock and to mimic the missionaries. Their cry was, "We

must have seals, fishes, and birds. If your God will give us *these*, we will serve him; but we care not for your Heaven. It might suit *you;* it would not suit *us.*"

The stupid Greenlanders had no god, not even an idol; but they talked of one, Torgarsak, who lived under the sea, feasting upon seal's flesh, and to him they thought all good seal-catchers would go, when they died; but they did not worship Torgarsak, nor call him "god." They were without God, and without hope in the world.

Matthew Stack spent a whole month in a Greenland house, as Hans Egede had once done. He found the people one day kind, another day cold; one day they were willing to listen to a Scripture story, the next day ready to laugh at it During two whole nights there was a ball in the house, when one hundred and fifty people danced, and drummed, and bellowed.

None but the little children cared for the good missionary, and they ran after him, and clung round him, and seemed to love him like the little children who loved Jesus when he was upon earth, and sang Hosanna to his name.

But the time of MERCY came at last.

One of the missionaries, named John Beck,

was seated in his house, writing out one of the Gospels in the Greenland tongue, when a little company of natives entered. These people came from a distant spot, and had never heard the Gospel. The missionary began to teach them. He read to them out of his book the history of Christ's sufferings in the garden. They listened attentively. Suddenly—one of them, after hearing of the Saviour's agony, arose, stepped up to the table, and exclaimed earnestly, "Tell me *that* once more, for I too desire to be saved."

The missionary had never before heard a Greenlander utter such words. He was filled with joy. Tears ran down his cheeks while he described the love of the Father in giving up his Son, and the love of the Son in laying down his life.

All the savages were moved;—especially Kajarnak, who had spoken first. They left the house promising to return soon. Many of them *did* return. Kajarnak showed signs of a change of heart. He delighted in being with the missionaries, and he persuaded his countrymen to come and hear them. He turned away in disgust from the noisy feasts of the heathen, and was often speaking, even with tears, of the love of Jesus. His whole family believed, and were baptized, as well as himself.

While the missionaries were rejoicing over their first convert, they saw with pain that his health was declining. Kajarnak was attacked by a cough, and pain in his side, and in a few months he felt death approaching. But he was not alarmed. He said to his weeping family, "Grieve not,—I am going to my Saviour."

The missionary brethren buried him in their burial ground, and knelt down on the snow to thank God for their first-born son in the faith.

After the death of Kajarnak, many Greenlanders turned unto the Lord.

New Hernhutt became a Christian village. Some friends in Holland sent over a wooden chapel, which was set up near the dwellings of the brethren. The people, though scattered on their fishing excursions, hastened to assemble in this building,—the largest they had ever seen.

John Beck preached the *first* sermon, even as he had, by the power of God, converted the *first* Greenlander.

New Hernhutt is still a Christian village. The chapel may be seen close by the bank of the River Baal, about three miles from the sea. Adjoining are schoolrooms, and the dwellings of the brethren. Before it—lies the missionary garden, with its turnips and lettuces; around—are the Greenland houses.

Every morning early—the people assemble in the chapel to pray, and to hear a text explained. The children attend school in the morning, but they assist their parents in the afternoon. In the evening when the men return from their fishing and seal-catching, they assemble again in the chapel, and a few Greenland boys lead the hymns to the sound of the flute, the violin, and the guitar. How different from the wild dances and howlings of past times are these sacred employments!

The conduct of the Greenlander is changed. Widows and orphans are not left to perish as they used to be, but each fatherless family is received into a Greenland house and supported by the inhabitants. A baby that lost its mother used to be buried with her, because no one would take care of it; but now such a baby is always nursed by some kind-hearted woman.

There are now four Christian villages in Greenland, containing altogether two thousand people.

Taken from Crantz's "History of Greenland," and the "Moravian Reports."

THE WEST INDIES.

BETWEEN North and South America there lies a cluster of little islands, called the West Indies.

Most of them are very small indeed; but there are four of considerable size.

Cuba is much the largest of the islands. It belongs to Spain.

Hayti is the second in size. It did belong to Spain, but it has become free.

Jamaica is the third in size, and belongs to England.

Porto Rico is the fourth in size, and belongs to Spain.

In the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico there are numbers of Negro slaves, because these islands belong to Spain.

In Hayti the Negroes have made themselves free.

In Jamaica they have been set free by England.

JAMAICA.

THOUGH only *third* in size, this island is the *first* in beauty of all the islands of the Western Sea. Its name means, in the Indian tongue, "plenty of springs;" and there are above a hundred streams flowing from the mountains, and watering the valleys. There are not many islands in the world so beautiful, so fragrant, and so fruitful.

The spicy groves scent the air; the tamarind, the mango, and the cocoa-nut trees yield delicious fruit; the graceful bamboo waves its head on high, and the scarlet lily shines resplendent among the grass. But there are two plants which were *not* found in Jamaica when first discovered, which are now abundant. The tall sugar cane grows in the sultry valleys —and the coffee plant with its dark green leaves and white blossoms, covers the sides of the hills. It was to cultivate these sugar canes and coffee plants that poor Negroes were brought from the shores of Africa.

The Spaniards discovered Jamaica—they killed all the poor Indians, and then brought Negroes from Africa. The English took the island from the Spaniards, and followed all their wicked ways.

The white masters lived in elegant villas amidst the groves of orange trees, while their

Negro cutting cane.

Negro slaves were smarting under the lash of the drivers. These white masters tried to persuade themselves that the Negroes were little better than beasts. But missionaries came to teach them, and, by God's grace, saved many of their precious souls.

In those times the poor Negroes were sometimes heard singing this touching song :—

Oh! poor Negro, he will go
Some one day
Over the water, and the snow,
Far away—
Over the mountain big and high,
Some one day—
To that country in the sky,
Far away.

Jesu, Massa, bring me home
Some one day,—
Then I'll live with the Holy One
Far away.
Sin no more my heart make sore
Some one day,—
I praise my Jesus evermore
Far away.

At one time a law was made by the ungodly masters to forbid black people going into a church or chapel. It was painful to see the poor creatures crowding round the doors, watching the white people entering in, and not daring to follow, yet often crying out with tears—"Massa, me no go to heaven *now;* white man keep black man from knowing God. Black man got no soul. Nobody teach black man now."

But this wicked law was changed by our good old king, George III., and the poor blacks crowded again into the churches and chapels.

And *now* there are no slaves in Jamaica! The Negroes are all free men!

It was a glorious day when they were made free. It was on the first of August, 1838.

The night before, many Negroes did not go to bed at all—so great was their joy at the thought of finding themselves free when the sun rose next morning. When the light

dawned, there were bands of Negroes in all the villages crying out—"We're free—We're free!" Numbers hastened to the chapels, and filled them with the sound of their praises to their Almighty Deliverer.

But while the blacks rejoiced, there were many whites very sad that day, fearing lest they should get no more work done on their estates. Yet the *very next day*,—many blacks went to work as usual; only now they worked for wages, as free labourers.

However, it must be owned that there were other blacks, who became very idle now they were free. This is not to be wondered at. It is easy to get food in such a fruitful country as Jamaica, and it is natural in a hot country to dislike hard labour.

The industrious blacks live in great comfort. When they were slaves, whether industrious or idle, they dwelt in huts of mud, without any furniture, but a few bowls and pans,—wore ragged coarse garments,—and lived upon rice and herrings.

There are now some pretty villages, composed of neat cottages, with gardens. These cottages have white walls, green shutters, and flowery porticoes. In each there is a sitting-room, with a sleeping-room on either side, and at the back—a shed for cooking.

In each there is a mahogany table, sideboard, and chairs, and on the table a handsome quarto Bible, with gilt edges. The Negroes delight in giving names to their cottages. One is called Comfort Castle;—another—Canaan. Others are called Paradise, Freedom, Come See, A Little of my Own, Thank God to See It. One has the singular name of—Me no Tinkee. What can that mean? It means, "Once I never thought I should have such a cottage, or indeed any cottage of my own at all."

It is common for Negroes to keep horses. A

Negro women.

great many go to church on horseback. The Negresses are too fond of dressing themselves fine, especially on Sundays. They like to be seen in white muslin gowns, with gay ribbons and green parasols. Even the men are fond of dress, and try to look like gentlemen. Once they could not wear clothes like Buckra (that is, *white men*), but now they can if they please.

A Christian Negro saw with great sorrow the pride of his countrymen, and he once spoke to them on the subject in the following plain, though curious manner.

First, he read this verse of Scripture, "Charge them that be rich in this world, that they be not high minded."

After reading it, he stopped, and said in a complaining tone, "What for him say, 'Charge dem dat be rich?' We no rich. We poor Nigger. 'De Buckra—him rich. Nigger make de sugar—Buckra take de money. What for him say 'Charge dem dat be rich?'" Then the black man changed his voice, and spoke in a reproving tone, "*You* no rich? Make I show you, you rich. You free nigger now. So you say—'Me no like *round* jacket now.' Den you go to one 'tore (or shop). You try one coat —one *tail* coat. You put him on—you look yourself in glass—you like him. Den you go

to one 'toder 'tore—you buy one smart shirt—you no like *check* shirt now: him good for *work* nigger, but *free* nigger must have white shirt like Buckra. Den you go up to the 'toder 'tore—you buy one black hat—'De straw hat,' you say, 'no good for free nigger.' Den you go to one 'toder 'tore,—you buy one boots. De slave nigger—him go barefoot. De free nigger must hab boots, like Buckra. Den you wait till Sunday come—you put em on—you 'tay till all de people be come. De minister, him come—him begin—DEN YOU COME—you walk up de aisle,—creak, creak, creak. What for you make dat noise? Don't *dat* pride? Don't dat say, 'See me new coat, *hear* me new boots? Don't me one fine gentleman? Don't me RICH?' Don't DAT pride?"

The Negro was right in calling *that* pride. Many wear white shirts, and black hats, without being proud of them; but if a working Negro buys them in order that he may look like a gentleman, *then* he is proud.

All Negroes are not proud; there are some, who do not care for the world, but who really love God.

One poor Negro described in these broken words his own feelings:—

"Once me no able to take word. If any one offend me, me take 'tick, me take knife—

me no satisfy till me drink him blood; *now* me able to take *twenty* words.

"Once, when somebody say me must pray—me say, 'No, what me PRAY for? Give me someting to eat,—dat better dan pray.'"

A friend inquired, "What made you change your mind?"

"Massa, me go to church one Sunday, and me hear massa parson say, 'Jesus Christ come, and 'pill him blood for sinner.' Ah! someting say in me, 'You heary dat.' Ah! so den *me* de sinner. Him 'pill him blood for neger. O! Jesus die for poor neger before him knew him."

How it must comfort a poor Negro to think that Jesus loves him as much as he loves the fairest or the noblest of Britain's race; for all men are equal in the sight of God.

There are very few white people in Jamaica now. Most are either black or brown. This is a song often sung by the black and the brown.

One, two, three—
All de same,
Black, white, brown,
All de same,
All de same,
One, two, three.

Taken chiefly from Phillippo's "Jamaica."

MEXICO.

THIS country was once considered the richest in the world. Every one spoke of the gold of Mexico. But *now* there is very little gold to be found there. California and Australia are the golden lands. There are, however, many *silver* mines in Mexico.

Mexico was discovered by the Spaniards, and it is now filled by a Spanish race; just as the United States are filled by a British race. Yet Mexico does *not* belong to Spain now. She has cast off the Spanish yoke, and made *herself* free. She has also set her Negro slaves free. Yet she is not *free indeed,* for she is a *slave* to sin.

There are few countries called Christian, where so many crimes are committed, and where so few are punished.

The capital of Mexico is Mexico.

Before the traveller reaches the city, he passes through the Black Forest. It is an awful place; not on account of wild beasts, but on account of wicked men who haunt it. By the road-side stand many crosses to mark the spots where travellers have been murdered. It is pleasant to get out of this forest, and to find oneself among the hills. At

last a beautiful valley is seen, with two smooth lakes, like silver mirrors glittering in the sun. There lies the great city of Mexico. No black cloud of smoke hovers over that fair city; for instead of being disfigured by chimneys, the flat roofs are adorned with blooming arbours. The traveller looks down upon the scene with enchanted eyes,—then descends into the valley, to enter the city.

"Stop, Senor, the lasso. Take care, he is upon you. O Holy Mother Mary! he is before you."

Such were the words that a traveller heard, as he was riding into the city. He looked round much alarmed, and beheld two men on horseback behind him. They were robbers just going to catch him with their lasso, to drag him off his horse, and to rob him of all his property. Happily a passer-by saw the rogues, and called out "Stop, Senor." The robbers, finding they were discovered, rode away.

In most countries robbers are afraid of robbing at the gate of a city in the light of day; but in Mexico they escape punishment so often, that they grow very bold and daring. The traveller, who had been delivered from the robbers, rode into the city, and he soon observed the dead body of a man lying on the

ground in the midst of a pool of blood. It was the body of a murdered man. The passers-by did not stop to gaze at the corpse with horror; they were so much accustomed to murder, that they took no notice.

Though Mexico is so beautiful at a distance, yet the streets are narrow and loathsome, and the poor people, walking in them, look like bundles of old rags.

There is a handsome square in the midst, where stand the fine cathedral and the palace of the President (for there is no king). Yet this square is crowded by noisy beggars, called "Leperos." They stand in rows. Some, who have no legs, are mounted on the backs of their fellows, and they call out in a loud voice, "For the sake of the Most Holy Mother, bestow a trifle." If they get nothing, they begin to curse in an awful manner. Yet they throng the churches, as if they delighted in prayer. The aisles are often completely filled with leperos in their ragged blankets.

What a contrast to these loathsome leperos are the ladies who roll along the streets in their carriages, decked in dazzling diamonds—and the gentlemen, riding so gracefully, glittering with silver buttons, and silver spurs, and silver stirrups, and silver pommel! The men

walking in the streets wear a "Serape," which is put on more easily than any other dress, for it is only a blanket with a hole in the middle for the head to pass through. The women cover their heads and shoulders with a scarf called a "Reboso;" and they squeeze their little brown feet into very small white satin shoes. None but *very* fine ladies wear stockings.

Now and then a poor Indian woman may be seen in the streets, wrapped in a woollen garment, her black hair platted with red ribbon, and her baby, as dark as mahogany, fastened to her back.

The Indians are the flower-sellers of Mexico. They bring them from the hills and woods in boats down the canals. The Mexicans buy them to adorn their altars, and to spread on the floors of their churches.

The churches of Mexico are very magnificent, with gold and silver altars, and gold and silver rails, and gold and silver cups. They contain many images superbly dressed.

In one church there was an image of the Virgin Mary arrayed in a blue satin robe, adorned with lustrous pearls. The priest often handed it to the worshippers on the floor to be kissed. Once a wicked lepero, when it was his turn to kiss it, secretly bit off one of the precious

pearls, and carried it away in his mouth, without the theft being discovered.

But there are not many Mexicans as profane as this lepero, for even robbers respect the churches.

The poor people of Mexico cannot bear working, and they bring up their children in idleness.

A lady once said to a poor woman, "I will take your little girl into my service, and I will have her taught to read, and to do all kinds of work." The mother let the child go. Every week she came to see her, with her tangled hair hanging down her shoulders, her pipe in her mouth, and several young daughters following her. The lady kindly permitted the whole party to dine with her servants. After dinner they all lighted their pipes, and sat round the little girl. They moaned and groaned, as they looked at Josefita. And why? Because she had work to do, instead of living in idleness.

After these foolish visitors were gone, Josefita seemed miserable. If desired to sew, she slowly drew out her needle, and gave a sigh, as she made a stitch. If allowed to leave off, she seemed better pleased. She would then sit on her mat, with her hands folded, and her eyes fixed

One day the lady permitted Josefita to go to her mother's house, and to spend the night there. The next morning the child did not return; but a messenger brought a note from the mother, saying, that the child was tired of working, and needed to stay at home to rest herself!

Soon afterwards the idle mother came to the house to beg; but Josefita never returned to live there any more.

Amongst the ragged people in Mexico, may be seen the poor water-carrier, with jars of water in his hands, and as he goes along, he may be heard boasting of the sweetness and coolness of his burden.

It would be well if the Mexicans bought

Water-carrier, or Aguadore.

more of him, and *less* of those who sold the intoxicating liquor, "Pulque." It is a bitter beverage that no one likes at first, but it soon becomes a great favourite. It is made of the juice flowing from the stem of an aloe-tree; and when it has been drawn out—the tree dies.

ROBBERS.—Mexico is indeed the land of robbers. They abound most in the country, because they succeed best there. It would be delightful to live in the country in Mexico, if it were not for the robbers. Only imagine a country-house, and close by—a grove of three thousand orange trees as large as oak trees, and the ground beneath entirely covered with the fragrant fruit, fallen from the branches. How charming to wander in such a grove! But in that country-house there is no safety. No valuable furniture can be kept there; so the spacious rooms contain only a few tables, and chairs, and bedsteads painted green. No lady or child dares walk in the village without a guard of several strong men.

In Mexico it is not thought a disgrace to be a robber. Even gentlemen, if they lose much money by gambling, will go and turn robbers for a little while, and not be ashamed.

Sometimes, however, a robber is caught and hanged, and his dead body suspended in chains by the road side. But then he is much pitied.

Three robbers who were thus treated had relations in a neighbouring village. These relations watched their dead bodies to see when the clothes upon them were getting old, and dressed them up in new clothes, when the old were decayed; thus showing them as much honour, as if they had been good men.

The most honest set of people in Mexico are the letter-carriers. These men are employed in carrying packages as well as letters, and none but trusty men could obtain employment.

What dangers must these carriers encounter from the robbers!

Once upon a time an Arriero (or letter-carrier) set out with his mule, carrying some bars of silver. He had done all he could to keep his journey secret. At night he stopped at the hut of an Indian. He supped on black beans and pepper, with no companion, but his Indian host. After supper he went into the next room, and lay down to sleep upon a bed of skins, having first fastened his mule to the wall *outside*. Though very much tired, he did not fall asleep immediately; and soon he was surprised to hear voices in the room where he had been supping. He could not think whose voices they could be, because he had left no one in that room—but the Indian. The voices spoke in whispers. The arriero began to fear that they were the voices of

robbers. He found a crevice in the wall,—he looked through it, and beheld three men whom he knew to be robbers, sitting with the Indian. He remembered that he had met these men, just as he was leaving Mexico. He now felt sure they must have followed him, intending to rob him. What could he do? Could he escape? But if *he* could, could he get his mule away with its precious load? A plan struck his mind. There was no window in his bedroom, but there was a small opening in the thatch, through which he could squeeze his body. Gently he made a heap with some skins, and, by getting upon it, he contrived to climb out of the house through the hole. But he did not venture to unfasten his mule from the wall outside, for he knew that he should be heard; therefore he went a little distance from the hut, and drawing a pistol from his belt, fired it in the air. The sound had the desired effect; it alarmed the robbers in the hut, and induced them to come and see what was the matter.

While they were coming, the arriero, by a secret path among the trees, returned to the hut. He found the treacherous Indian sitting there alone by the fire. The robbers had left him there to prevent the arriero from escaping, little knowing that he *had* escaped. How much astonished was the base old man to see

his guest enter, sword in hand! That sword was soon plunged into his body.

The arriero then unfastened his mule from the wall, and continued his journey. He chose a mountain path, known only to himself. It was a dangerous one. The mule, through the darkness, missed his footing, and fell down a steep place, dragging his master after him. Happily the height was not great, and the fall only stunned the mule and his master. In reality, this accident preserved the man's life; for the robbers had heard the steps of the mule, and were following it,—when it fell. They did not hear the fall, but passed on, without knowing that the treasures they were seeking were

The arriero.

lying just beneath their path. As morning dawned, the arriero and his mule recovered, and though stiff, and bruised, were able to pursue their way. Thus wonderfully was the arriero preserved from the dangers which were prepared for him.

Robbers do not often break into the churches, but in times of tumult and rebellion, they have even robbed churches.

There were once three monks so much afraid of the robbers stealing the treasures of their church, that they made a vault under the floor with a trap-door, and a spring lock, which none but they knew how to open.

But, as they wanted their gold and silver vessels for the services of the church, they kept them in boxes above ground, intending, when necessary, to place these boxes in the vault.

One very stormy night the monks were watching in the church, when,—amidst the uproar of the tempest, they distinguished the clang of arms. They knew the rebel army was near at hand. They began in haste to convey the boxes into the vault. Very soon the robbers were heard—thundering at the doors. The bolts and hinges soon gave way. The robbers rushed in—just as the last monk was going down into the vault. A beggar in the troop caught a glimpse of his shaven head just as it was descending. Immediately—search

was made for the hidden monks and their hidden treasures. The floor was well battered with axes and hammers, in order to discover the trap door; but so carefully was that door concealed, that it could not be found. The terrified monks heard the sound over their heads; but at last it died away, and they were left in silence in their dark abode.

After a while they attempted to re-open the door,—What was their horror to find it fast closed. No efforts of theirs could open it. The hammering of the robbers in looking for the door, had broken the spring-lock, and now the door could not be opened.

Three Monks.

It was long before the monks and their treasures were discovered. The monks were missed, and the treasures were missed,—but none could find them.

At last, however, some priests thought of repairing the marble floor that had been so much battered. When it was taken up, the trap door was seen, and the dead bodies were found!

THE INDIANS.

There are many of the Indians still living in the wild parts of Mexico, and a few near the towns. They are not slaves, but are as ill-treated as if they were. They are made to work in the silver mines, and are beaten by their overseers. Great pains are taken to prevent the poor creatures stealing the silver. People are appointed to watch them continually. But it is thought impossible that they should steal silver from the *furnace*, for *there* it is mixed with quicksilver, the fumes of which kill instantly. Yet one Indian tried to do this. Finding he was not watched,—with his long pole he lifted up the cover of the boiling silver; instantly he was suffocated, and there he lay stretched by the side of the furnace—a lifeless body. Thus he perished in the act of stealing.

There are poor Indians who live by catching poisonous spiders, for which they obtain three-halfpence each as a reward; but sometimes they die themselves of the bites. Other Indians live by baking cakes of Indian corn, called "Tortillas," and selling them in the towns. Such poor Indians dress in cloaks of rushes, and dwell in huts of rushes.

Indians.

The Indians are Roman Catholics. A stranger once observed a poor Indian girl enter the cathedral of Mexico with a bag of money in her hand,—all her savings for many months. She approached the priest, and, in a whisper, confessed her sins. Then she asked him what she could do to help her parents who

were dead. The priest told her, in a low voice. She gave him the bag of money. What for? The girl's prayer will show. The Indian girl lifted up her eyes towards heaven, and with tears, exclaimed, "O blessed Mary, I thank thee, I have now purchased the release of my parents from five thousand years of torment in purgatory! Blessed Mother, I thank thee for this favour!"

Thus are the poor Indians deceived by the priests.

Taken from "Calderon de la Barea," "Mason's Pictures of Mexico," &c.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

THIS is the land that joins North and South America. Many have wished there was no such land, for it prevents our ships passing this way to China, though far the shortest way. Plans are made for making a canal and a railway across.

Most of this land once belonged to Spain, but now it is free. There is, however, some of the coast that belongs to England. It is called British Honduras. The mahogany tree is found in Honduras.

The Mosquito country is filled with black men, and the king is black. It is a heathen country. Our missionaries might go *there;* but not to the part that once belonged to Spain. The Roman Catholics would not let them come there.

BRAZIL.

THIS immense country is the daughter of that small country called Portugal. Thus Mexico is the daughter of Spain; and the United States are the daughter of England. All these have been rebellious daughters, and have refused to obey their mothers.

But Brazil, though she does not belong to Portugal, is governed by an Emperor. Therefore Brazil is an *empire,* while all the other countries in America that have made themselves free, are *republics.*

There are very few people in Brazil, considering how large it is. There are not so many as in Ireland, that small island. Of these people very few are white. Some are dark people, called mulattoes, and some are Negroes.

Once there were slaves in Brazil, but the emperor has set them all free.

RIO JANEIRO.

This is the capital of Brazil, and the largest city in all South America. Rio means river, and the city is often called only "Rio." There is not a city in the world built in a more beautiful situation; it is close to the sea, yet embowered in green and flowery hills. The streets are so steep that Negroes carry up the great packages on their heads. They run all in a line, singing as they go. Once they were forbidden to sing, because so much noise was thought disturbing; but the Negroes could not *run* unless they *sung;* so they were allowed to sing again.

The mountains that surround Rio, are

Negro collecting flowers.

adorned with splendid butterflies as well as flowers. The most beautiful of all—have sky-blue wings, shining like silver. Negroes are sent out to catch butterflies, and to collect flowers. They go out with long poles, and nets at the end, for the butterflies; and with baskets for the flowers; and they return in the evening to their masters, laden with their beautiful spoils.

THE GOLD DISTRICT.

In some parts of Brazil gold is found; but not as much as there used to be. One town, called Villa Ricca, or rich town, is very poor now. The long galleries on the sides of the hill, once hewn out of the mines, are turned into pig-sties.

THE CITY OF DIAMONDS.

This is not a city built of diamonds. How dazzling such a city would be! It is a city in the midst of a country where diamonds are found. It is built on the heights. The houses are of white stone. All around is black and desolate, with scarcely a tree. But ten thousand people are always searching for diamonds

in the ground. Any one who pleases may search. The diamond-seekers dig into the gravel, and then sift it with water, in hopes of spying some glittering stones.

THE RIVER AMAZON.

This river flows through Brazil. It is the LARGEST in the world. It is the longest,—the widest,—and the deepest; it may well therefore be called the largest river. It is nearly two thousand miles long; it is one hundred and eighty miles wide at the mouth; in some places it is more than one hundred and twenty feet deep.

This large river is also beautiful, for its banks are clothed by beautiful trees. Monkeys sport among the branches, and parrots scream.

Both monkeys and parrots are often caught to be sold as pets, but they are oftener killed to be served up for supper. There is no animal considered such good eating as a monkey. The most splendid of the parrot tribe are the macaws. They are valued for their feathers of red, blue, and yellow. The Indians make splendid feather dresses. Small feathers glued on a cotton cap turn it into a splendid crown. Long feathers make a sceptre.

A feather mantle completes the splendour of the Indian kings.

There are vast plantations of cacao trees close by the Amazon. These are the trees whence chocolate and cocoa are made; they are low and stumpy, and they are quite different from *cocoa-nut* trees. There are rich Portuguese gentlemen, who own these plantations, and who live in elegant villas by the river side. They lead very idle lives, for they need only exert themselves once a year when the fruit is ripe. Then the fruit is gathered, cut open, the pips taken out, dried in the sun, packed up, and put on board the ships going up the Amazon.

The trees which yield India-rubber grow on the banks of the Amazon. They are called Seringa trees. The India-rubber is the sap.

There are poor Indians who live by collecting this sap. They inhabit wretched huts close to the water, and under the deep shadow of the tall trees.

See that poor man going out to collect sap. He goes up to a tree, and wounds it with a knife, then fastens a cup under the place to catch the milky stuff that slowly oozes forth. In one day he has wounded one hundred and twenty trees. He has walked many miles, for the trees do not stand close together;

they are scattered among the other trees of the forest.

Next day the poor man goes out again to collect the India-rubber milk. He finds a little in each cup. Altogether he brings home two gallons in a basin. His daughter can make this milk into shoes. She takes it into a little thatched hut, where there is a small furnace in a jar. She dips a last (which she holds by a handle) into the milk; then dries it by holding it in the smoke of the furnace for a minute; then dips it again, and dries it, and so goes on till the India-rubber is thickly spread upon the last. She then lays it in the sun till next day. With those two gallons of milk she makes ten pairs of shoes in about two hours. Next day

Making India-rubber shoes.

the girl comes and cuts off the shoes from their lasts. Now they are ready to go up the river in the ships.

Religion.—The Roman Catholic religion prevails. Once a year at Rio there is a grand procession of idols. The images are placed on stands, (like great trays,) and borne on men's shoulders. There are groups of images on some of the stands, and the bearers are obliged often to change, on account of the great weight. Men with candles go on each side of the stands, and before — walks an angel — scattering flowers.

The angel is a little girl, dressed out in gauze wings, and her flowing ringlets adorned with ribbons and feathers. A black man with a basket attends her, and gives her the flowers to scatter. Does the little girl feel as the real angels do; or is she vain of her fine wings and gay dress?

Yet the people in Brazil are not so wicked as those in Mexico. One reason may be, there are not so many priests. The government pays the priests, and allows them so little money that few boys like to become priests.

There are also better laws in Brazil than in Mexico; for there is an emperor there who preserves order.

People in Brazil do not sleep on beds on the floor, but in beds slung across the corners of

the rooms. Four can be placed in one room. These hammocks have two advantages; they are very cool, and they keep people out of the way of the reptiles. Idle people waste many hours of the day in their hammocks. A traveller was surprised in calling at a country house at eleven o'clock, to find the lady swinging in her hammock, playing at cards with her husband, who sat in a chair beside her.

Another traveller had a pleasing surprise. He was wandering by the sea-side, when he saw a pretty dwelling in a grove. The master of the house invited him to enter, and desired a Negro boy to climb a tree, and pluck a cocoa-nut to refresh the stranger. While resting in the parlour, the guest observed a large book upon the table. "What book is it?" he inquired.

"The Bible."

"How long have you had it?"

"Eight or nine years."

"How did you obtain it?"

"It was given me by a sailor."

"It seems to have been used a great deal."

"O yes, I am very fond of reading it, it is so instructive, and so comforting. But I find it very difficult to keep it at home. My neighbours are often borrowing it of me, for they love to

read it. I have let it go out to places far and near; but now it is at home, I think I shall part with it no more."

"What!" inquired the stranger, "are there no other Bibles besides yours?"

"I know of none. Most people, who borrow it, say they have never seen such a book before."

"Well, I suppose you would not object to lend *that* Bible, if you had another quite clean and new."

"Certainly not."

"Then I will send you one, that I have on board the ship I came by."

"Will you indeed?"

"Yes, gladly; and a number of Testaments and tracts also, and you may distribute them among those friends of yours who are fond of reading the Bible."

"Oh! how thankful I shall be."

The traveller drank the sweet cocoa-nut milk, rejoicing at having found some souls in that land who thirsted for the sweeter milk of Christ's word.

PERU.

THIS country is as famous as Mexico for its gold and silver mines.

The children's poet has sung—

> "I would not change my native land,
> For rich Peru with all her gold;
> A *nobler prize* lies in my hand
> Than East or Western Indies hold."

What is that nobler prize?

It is the Gospel; the message of mercy—the promise of pardon—the gift of God.

Peru resembles Mexico in many respects. Like Mexico, Peru belonged to Spain, and has rebelled, and has become a republic.

Like Mexico, Peru has the Roman Catholic religion.

Like Mexico, Peru has oppressed the Indians.

Like Mexico, Peru has set the Negro slaves free.

Like Mexico, Peru is full of gamblers and robbers.

Yet the *land* of Peru is not like the *land* of Mexico.

Peru consists of low sandy plains by the sea-shore and of barren bleak hills. There are, however, some pleasant fruitful valleys,

where sugar and cotton flourish, and where green parrots, and grizzly monkeys sport.

On those low sandy plains travellers have often perished from thirst, as sometimes there is not a fountain for thirty miles together;—not a tree to give shade, nor a green bank where to rest. The bones of beasts which have dropped down exhausted are scattered along the way.

Many travellers, too, have perished in climbing the steep paths that lead to the high lands. Once a little family were on a journey; they had a mule; the father sat on it with the youngest child before him, and a boy of ten years old behind. As they went along, a huge mass of rock suddenly fell from the mountain-side upon the head of the elder child, and hurled him into the river rolling beneath. The father knew the child was killed, and he went down sorrowfully to the water to seek for his dead body.

It is among the barren heights that the silver mines are situated. But how can the silver be carried down those steep paths? even mules would scarcely venture to descend some of them. There is an animal more sure-footed than the mule. It is the lama. A pretty gentle creature it is—taller than the sheep, and covered with a short coarse dark wool;

something like a deer in shape, but not so graceful nor so swift. It can neither go fast,—nor far,—nor can it carry a great weight; but then it can go up and down the steepest places. Its disposition, though gentle, is determined. If too heavy a burden is put upon its back, it lies down immediately, and will not rise till some of the weight is removed. It will not eat at night, and therefore it must be allowed to graze by the way. The Indian is very fond of his lama, and decks its head with bows of ribbon, and hangs a bell round its neck.

Before loading it, he caresses it affectionately to make it willing to go. When, through fatigue, it lies down by the way, he does not

A Lama.

beat it, but coaxes it, and talks to it, as if it were a child

Wild lamas go in flocks, and the tame lamas like to travel in company Amongst the mountains, it is common to meet a long train of these animals, laden with silver or with salt.

There is another animal in Peru more like a *deer* than the lama is; and yet more like a *sheep* too, for it is covered with long fine soft wool, either black or white. It is called the alpaco. The wool has long been made into blankets for the Indians, but now it is used for umbrellas by the English. The alpaco is more difficult to tame than the lama. He is not used for carrying burdens, but is caught once a year to be shorn; and the rest of the year he roams about the mountains.

There are sheep too on the mountains, but they are not natives of Peru. They were brought from Spain. They are under the care of Indian shepherds, who drive them into large folds at night, and keep dogs to guard them.

There are also a great many fierce bulls, and they are caught when needed for the cruel bull-fights.

LIMA.

This is the capital of Peru.

It is built on a low sandy plain, six miles from the sea.

Its inhabitants are in character like those of Mexico.

Even the ladies delight in bull-fights. The place for the cock-fights is the finest in all the world. Robbers prowl near the city gates, and are seldom punished. Gambling is the amusement of all classes.

Yet the people are continually exposed to sudden death from earthquakes. Lima may be called "The city of earthquakes." Six times the city has been almost destroyed. About forty times in a year—the earth rocks and groans. Immediately,—though it be midnight,—the people rush out of their houses, crying aloud, "Mercy!" The priests cause the bells of the churches to toll every ten minutes, and all the people hasten to prayers.

But after the rocking is over, both priests and people go on in their sins and their follies the same as before.

POTOSI.

No city in the world is built on so high a spot as this; *thirteen* thousand feet above the sea! * therefore it is as cold as Petersburgh, in Russia, although very near the equator.

Once the richest silver mines in the world were near it; but these mines are no longer rich.

Cerro del Pasco is now the richest silver mine in Peru. The city there is built on almost as high a spot as Potosi.

The Indians often wish that no silver mines had ever been discovered; for they are made to toil day and night while their masters gamble for the silver.

It is said that there are Indians who have never told of mines that they have found, but have gone secretly to dig silver when they needed it.

THE SECRET SILVER MINE.

There once dwelt in Peru an old monk. Though very wicked, he was a favourite with the Indians. One day he was in great trouble,

* Mount Blanc, in Switzerland, is only *fifteen* thousand feet above the level of the sea.

on account of having lost a large sum at the gaming-table. An old Indian, his particular friend, hearing him complain, went away and returned with a bag full of silver. The old monk, delighted, asked for more;—and another;—and another bag was brought. But nothing could satisfy him, except a sight of the mine whence all the silver came, in order that he might help himself when he pleased.

Moved by his entreaties, the Indian at last promised to gratify his desire. One night he came, accompanied by two other Indians. These three Indians insisted on blindfolding the old monk before they took him to the mine; neither would they suffer him to tread on the ground; but they carried him by turns on their shoulders for several miles. At last the monk was set down upon his feet, and the bandage was removed from his eyes.

Where did he find himself? In a narrow place underground, in the midst of masses of silver. "There," said the Indians, "there are the treasures;—take what you like." The monk greedily scraped up as much silver as he could possibly carry away. When ready to depart, he was blindfolded, and borne again upon the shoulders of his guides. Gladly would he have crawled, if he had been allowed, that he might have known the way another time.

The cunning monk thought of a plan for marking the way, so as to enable him to find it again. He wore round his neck a rosary (the string of beads that Papists use for counting prayers). He secretly unfastened it, and, as he was being carried, he dropped now and then a bead. "When it is day-light," thought he, "I shall be able to trace my way by the beads." The Indians safely lodged him in his home before the morning dawned.

The monk was enjoying the thoughts of returning by himself to the mine, and of often filling his bag with silver,—when he heard a knock at the door. Who was there? The Indian.

"Father," said he, "you have dropped your rosary on the way. Here are the beads which we have collected."

The monk now saw that the Indians had observed him dropping the beads, and had taken care not to let the cunning plan succeed.

THE CORDILLERAS AND THE ANDES.

These are two long chains of mountains that stretch themselves from one end of Peru to the other.

They are the highest in the world, except the Himalayas, in Asia.

They are always crowned with snows, which chill the air, and render the climate of Peru foggy, and the soil barren. Yet there are many streams flowing from them, which make the valleys lovely and fruitful.

Extracted from T. Schudi's Travels.

CHILI.

This country resembles Peru in almost every respect.

Like Peru,—it belonged to Spain,—has rebelled,—and is a republic.

Like Peru, it has rich mines, and is subject to dreadful earthquakes. But it is more fruitful than Peru, and supplies Peru with corn.

SANTIAGO.

This is the capital of Chili.

It is built on a very high plain, and is therefore cool and pleasant, and quite unlike Lima, in Peru. Yet it is so liable to earthquakes, that the houses are built without upper stories.

All around the city—horses are feeding in troops. Any one who wants a horse may catch one. Therefore horses are used for every purpose. The baker has a horse to carry the bread in panniers; the milkman has a horse to carry his milk in barrels; and the farmer piles his hay on the back of a horse till the animal looks like a haystack.

A gentleman who went to stay at a country house, saw *forty* horses tied to the wall, all ready saddled for any of the family who wished them, to ride at any moment. In the afternoon, the *whole* family went out riding; those who were too young to manage a horse, rode behind a servant.

LA PLATA,

OR THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

This country, like Peru and Chili, once belonged to Spain, and has rebelled, and become a republic. Yet the scenery and climate are quite unlike those of Peru and Chili.

La Plata consists chiefly of a vast plain, called the Pampas.

The Pampas is divided into three portions.

First, the land of tall thistles.

Secondly, the land of long grass.

Thirdly, the land of low trees and shrubs.

Such a plain is exactly suited to horses and cattle; and there are numberless herds of both roaming about. The THISTLES indeed would not do for them; but they wither every year, and rich clover springs up in their place. It is hard to pass through the thistles when they are in bloom, for they are much taller than a man, and grow close together.

But are there no human inhabitants of this vast plain?

Yes, there are two sorts,—wild Indians; and—wild Spaniards, called Gauchas.

These Gauchas are not as wild as Indians; but they are as idle, and almost as ignorant. They live entirely upon beef; that is, upon the flesh of the wild cattle which they catch by means of the wild horses. They think it too much trouble to cultivate the ground, or even to keep cows. The Caffres in Africa have milk as well as beef; but the Gauchas are content with beef alone.

The Gauchas do not move from place to place as the Tartars do; they have no need to move, for there is cattle and pasture everywhere.

A Gaucha's hut is made of mud, and thatched with grass; the seats are HORSES' HEADS, and

the cradle is a bullock's skin, fastened to the roof.

The happiness of the Gaucha consists in galloping as fast as possible; when one horse is tired, he catches another with his lasso, and thus his life is passed away.

The fear of the Gaucha is, lest the Indians should come in the night, and burn his hut, and murder his family. As soon as he hears the wild shrieks of his enemies, he mounts a horse, and tries to escape, but often *cannot*,—because the Indians can ride even more swiftly than he.

The *first* Spaniards who came to America murdered the Indians; and now the Indians murder these *last* Spaniards.

Roman Catholic priests in the towns have taught the poor Gauchas to worship images, and to wear a cross round their necks; but they have not taught them to fear God, nor to keep his commandments.

BUENOS AYRES.

This is the capital of La Plata, and is built on the banks of the river La Plata, or SILVER RIVER.

It is surrounded by delightful gardens, abounding in oranges and peaches. The hum-

ming-bird may be seen flitting from flower to flower. These birds, which seem like winged jewels, generally die when kept in cages, even in their own country. One lady had a tame one—but it was not kept in a cage—it flew about the room, and even out of the window, and returned at the sound of its mistress's voice. This bird got its own food. It is supposed that it not only sucked the juice of the flowers, but ate the insects. No one knows exactly what food humming-birds require, and therefore no one can keep them in cages.

The Negro slaves have all been set free. They were not set free suddenly. They were allowed to purchase their liberty. Thus they learned to be industrious before they were

Beggar on horseback.

free, and now they willingly work for wages, acting as porters, drivers, carriers, and washer-women.

But there is not much hard work to be done, because of the abundance of horses; even *beggars* go begging on *horseback!*

Fishermen ride into the water to cast their nets; and bird-catchers catch birds with a noose at the end of a pole, while, seated on their horses, they gallop along.

THE CORDILLERAS.

These high mountains divide Peru and Chili from the rest of South America. It is dangerous to cross them, on account of the snow storms, which come on quite suddenly. But houses of refuge are built among the mountains, with thick brick walls, and only loop-holes for windows. Some travellers have been starved to death in these retreats.

Once ten poor men were found lying on the floor of a house of refuge; six were dead, the other four—speechless and dying. They had been prevented by the storm from going on their journey. They had eaten their mules, and their dog, and had torn down the door to make a fire. Yet they had written nothing

on the walls; so no one knew who they were, or whence they came; but people who take refuge in these houses are too much alarmed to write on the walls.

GUIANA.

THIS country is not *one* empire, like Brazil, or *one* republic, like Peru, or Chili, or La Plata; it is divided between many nations. One part is called British Guiana, another—Dutch Guiana, another—French Guiana, and another part belongs to Brazil.

In British Guiana there are British Missionaries to teach the poor Indians, and the Negroes, who once were slaves.

It is a flat country, very fertile, but very unwholesome. It produces sugar, cotton, and rice.

The Indians live among the great forests, and on the banks of the river. There they hunt, and fish, while their wives cultivate a root, called "Cassava," which serves them for bread.

There are no large animals in the forests; the largest is about the size of a calf, and is

called the Tapir, or bush-cow; and, like a cow, it is harmless, and feeds on grass.

South American Indians.

The Jaguar is not as large as the Tapir, but more dangerous, for it has the nature of a leopard. It has also a leopard's spotted skin. It lies concealed, and attacks *men* sometimes—but oftener *children*, or small animals.

There are abundance of snakes in the forests. The largest are the least to be feared; they kill by their strength in crushing the bones; but the smaller snakes are poisonous.

While snakes creep silently along, and while jaguars lie quietly concealed, the harmless

baboons growl among the branches, and the macaws and parrots scream.

A missionary who went to teach the Indians, lived in a hut by the River Pomeroon. He slept in a hammock (as the Indians do), in order to be preserved from the noxious reptiles. At first he was all alone, except a little Negro boy, who came to live with him.

His great desire was to get Indians to come to him; but for some time he could not succeed. They did not wish to learn about the Christian religion having seen many wicked white men, called Christians.

As the missionary sat in his hut, he could see the Indians paddling down the river in their canoes; and much he wished they would stop at his door; but they never did; so he went after them in his canoe, and talked to them. The Indians took care the next time they passed that way, to go by as quietly as possible, and to keep as close as they could to the opposite bank, that the sound of their paddles might not be heard.

But one day an Indian called on the missionary, and offered to place his children under his care. This man had been on a journey, and had been turned from idols by a missionary in a distant place, and now he wished to learn how to worship the "Great Father."

Soon afterwards some Indians were overtaken by a thunder-storm, and they came into the missionary's hut to wait till it was over. The missionary took the opportunity to invite them to come and learn. They replied, that if their "Captain" recommended them to be taught, they *would* come to his chapel, and *would* send their children to his school.

It was now plain that a visit ought to be paid to this great Captain or chief; therefore the missionary soon paddled down in his canoe to the palace (which was only a hut); and he obtained the captain's two sons for scholars, besides several more. He not only got these scholars, but he got their parents to attend his chapel. Many came from such distant places down the river, that they arrived over night, and slept in little sheds they had built close to the chapel, and so were ready for service next morning; and sometimes they stayed the *whole week*, that they might learn with the children.

Some time afterwards, twelve grown-up people were baptized, and twenty-five children. The Indian who had come first, took as his new name, Cornelius,—a name that well suited *him* who had been the *first* to desire instruction. Yet he had once been a sorcerer, and had a rattle, with which he pretended to do

miracles. But he had broken his rattle long ago. That rattle was nothing but a hollow gourd, filled with small stones.

With great eagerness the converted Indians listened to the histories in the Bible; they wondered when they heard of the Fall and Flood, and the Giving of the Law; but they were most touched and interested by the account of the Agony and Crucifixion of our Lord. They seemed overcome by the thought that the Lord of Glory had suffered so much for *their* sins.

The missionary was pleased to find that the Indians, of their own accord, had prayers both morning and evening with their own families. He overheard them one Sunday morning in their little sheds near the chapel.

The children at the school led a happy life with their kind teacher. They were not all day at lessons. They spent much of their time in working in the garden, in gathering fruit in the forest, and in catching fish in the river; also in shooting at a mark, that they might be able to shoot birds for their support. They did not care for playing at ball, or at any game; for they wanted to learn to get their living, and that is often difficult for poor Indians. Saturday was their holiday, and then the elder boys went with their master to paddle

his canoe; as it was his custom on that day to go down the river to visit the Indians, and to persuade them to attend chapel on the morrow. They often returned home, followed by a train of canoes, full of Indians anxious to hear the Word of Life.

At last a new chapel was built on a little hill, with a school-house near it, at some distance from the banks of the river. The Indian lodges are placed in regular order close by; the paths between are adorned with scarlet lilies; while clumps of trees bearing oranges, limes, and guava, spread a delightful shade over the lowly dwellings. But it is the voice of joy and thanksgiving so often ascending from that peaceful spot which makes it truly lovely.

Extracted from Brett's account o the Mission in Guiana.

THE GREAT PACIFIC OCEAN.

THIS is the largest Ocean in the world. There is no piece of *land* nearly as large as this piece of *water*.

It is studded all over with islands, called the "South Sea Islands." Some lie in clusters, and some quite alone in the midst of the mighty waters.

The largest of these clusters is New Zealand; for, though there are but three islands in this cluster, these three contain as much land as Great Britain herself (*not* including Ireland).

NEW ZEALAND.

THIS country is remarkable for lying just *opposite* Great Britain. Could a tunnel be dug quite straight through the earth from our land, that tunnel would end in New Zealand. Such a tunnel, however, never can be dug. It would be eight thousand miles deep.

But men cannot dig so deep

They can dig only a very little way. The deeper they go, the hotter they find the earth, and soon the heat is too great to be borne. But *could* they get to the middle of the earth, they would never be able to pass *that point*; for it is *the* point which draws all objects towards itself.

But though we can never reach New Zealand by a tunnel, yet we know that it lies just opposite to us, so that the feet of the people there, are opposite to our feet. For this reason that country is called our "Antipodes," which means, "against feet." As when a fly is walking on the top of an orange, its feet are turned against the feet of a fly underneath,—so when we are walking on the top of the earth, our feet are turned against the feet of a New Zealander walking underneath.

Perhaps you wonder that the New Zealander does not fall off the earth when he is underneath; but there is really no *underneath* of this earth. Though there are men in every part of the globe, all *feel* as if they were on the top, and none are afraid of falling off; because the earth always draws them towards itself.

You will see clearly that if New Zealand is *opposite* to us, it is *farther* from us than any other country.

A British ship is a longer time in reaching New Zealand than in reaching any other place.

All the SEASONS *there* are contrary to ours *here;* when it is summer there, it is winter here: and when it is winter there, it is summer here. All the HOURS are contrary to ours; when it is day there, it is night here; and when it is night there, it is day here.

Yet though our lands are so *contrary* to each other, they are more *like* each than any other lands.

The seasons there are *like* ours here, though they occur at different *times;* and the days there—are of the *same* length as the days here, though *they* also occur at different times.

The same plants that will grow in Great Britain will grow in New Zealand, for the climate is nearly the same. If we were to go

to New Zealand, we might often imagine, as we looked around, that we were still in our native island.

It is remarkable also, that as our kingdom consists of two large islands, so New Zealand consists of two large islands. There is, indeed, a third, but it is so much smaller than the other two, that it is scarcely worth speaking of.

Which of the two islands should you suppose to be the warmer? The northern island? Oh no. It is the hotter. In our land the north wind is cold, but in New Zealand it is warm; and the south wind is cold.

The northern island is warmer than any part of England, for it is the *southern* island which is our antipodes. The climate of the northern island may be compared to that of Italy; the same brilliant sun and the same blue sky, only a fresher and purer air, for it is ever cooled and sweetened by the breezes from the vast ocean on every side.

THE NORTHERN ISLAND.

It is of *this* island that we will chiefly speak; for here more people dwell than in the other.

The other great island is called Middle Island, and the very little one—South Island.

In the midst of North Island there are mountains *three* times as high as any in Great Britain, for some are ten thousand feet in height. They are covered with everlasting snows, which—in summer—partly melting, become noble rivers, watering the whole land.

But there are *fires* amidst the snows—for some of the mountains are Volcanos. Terrible pits, deeper than eye can pierce—scalding pools—nauseous vapours—and rumbling noises are seen and heard,—felt and smelt—in that wonderful part of the island.

It is dangerous to walk among the boiling springs, for the ground is like a thin crust, which often cracks, and gives way. Sometimes there is only a narrow path through the hot bubbling waters. Yet these springs are useful in boiling food. If a basket of potatoes be placed in a hole near a hot spring, the steam that fills the hole, soon boils the potatoes. A little girl, holding her baby sister in her arms, went one day to fetch a basket that had been placed in one of these holes; as she was passing along the narrow path, the babe fell out of her arms into the scalding water; the sister, anxious to save the babe, jumped in too, and quickly perished.

But all the hot water is not scalding; there

are lakes where ducks swim, and enjoy the warmth.

Who are the people inhabiting New Zealand?

They *were*, like their land,—dangerous. They delighted in shedding blood, and even in *drinking* blood. They were warriors, and cannibals.

Such *were* the New Zealanders. But they are not such now.

New Zealanders as they were.

The warriors have become worshippers of the true God; the CANNIBALS have become CHRISTIANS.

Once the various tribes were continually

fighting together; so that no one ventured to live in a lonely dwelling, or even in a village that had no walls.

New Zealanders as they are.

A number of people used to live together in a "Pa." A pa is a place enclosed by a strong wooden fence, and filled with huts. These huts were crowded together, and surrounded by all kinds of litter and rubbish. There were images scattered about; but they were not idols, for no one worshipped them; yet they were counted sacred, as they were made in honour of the dead. All day long the Pa was a scene of confusion. The women were the least noisy; they were busy in weaving mats, cleaning fish, and baking food in ovens. The men sat in groups, talking loud, while they

carved their spears, or mended their canoes and they talked far more than they worked.

New Zealand pa.

The little children were running about; and the old men, rolled up in mats, were leaning idly against the walls of their huts. There was no neatness,—no quiet,—no comfort in the Pa.

The appearance of these people was frightful and horrible. Their hair was one mass of oil and red paint, and their faces were cut about with a multitude of lines. This cutting was called "tattooing," and was considered ornamental, though really most disfiguring. At first—mats were the clothing of the New Zealanders; but afterwards blankets, bought of the English.

How different is a Christian village from a heathen pa!

There are *now* many clusters of cottages in New Zealand, with gardens neatly fenced, and carefully weeded, containing melons and pumpkins, potatoes and kumera,* and adorned with roses, and other lovely flowers.

There are now many fields where yellow wheat, purple grapes, and verdant hops grow and flourish; there are orchards, too, laden with red cheeked apples, and downy peaches.

In the harbours—there are many little ships belonging to the natives, useful in bringing their stores of pigs and potatoes to the great ships for sale.

There are roads made through the forests, once choked up with underwood; and there are bridges cast over the many rapid streams that once stopped the traveller on his way.

And there are CHURCHES now thronged with natives, decently clad, heartily uniting in the response, "Good Lord, deliver us!"—singing with sweet accord in their own tongue—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;"

listening with breathless attention to the preacher's voice, declaring,—

* Kumera is a root of a sweet taste, and resembling a potato.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Yet *more* missionaries ought quickly to be sent. For Roman Catholic priests are hastening to New Zealand; they have already persuaded many to believe in their vain words, and have even taught them to worship images, which, New Zealanders in their heathen state, never worshipped. The people are longing for missionaries. *Before* the missionary comes they build his house, and when he arrives, they receive him as an angel of God; but if the *priest* comes first, they will receive *him*, and learn to trust in things that cannot save.

Now let us inquire HOW did the Gospel come to New Zealand,—who *first* had compassion on its cannibal inhabitants?

It was in the year 1807, that it came into the hearts of some British Christians to send missionaries to New Zealand. But soon after the plan had been talked of—a terrible event occurred.

A British ship, called the Boyd, touched at New Zealand, and all the crew were killed and EATEN by the natives!

When British Christians heard of this cruel slaughter, they feared to send missionaries amongst such ferocious savages.

Nevertheless, in 1812, two missionaries ven-

tured to go to these cannibals. They settled at a place called the Bay of Islands. It is in the *northern* part of the Northern Island, and therefore in the *warmest* part. The missionaries found the inhabitants as fierce as they expected: nor did they see any change in their behaviour during many, many years that they preached Peace in the name of the Prince of Peace. If there was any change, it was for the worse; because a great chief, called Hongi, got GUNS from England, and, leading his army through the land, destroyed thousands of the natives.

Yet, instead of the missionaries going away, —MORE came.

The New Zealanders were pleased at the arrival of their teachers; but they would not attend to their warnings. On one occasion a whole army passed by the missionary houses, carrying baskets laden with HUMAN FLESH, and bearing upon the points of their spears — BLEEDING HEADS and BLEEDING HEARTS of men slain in battle. How did the missionaries shudder at the horrible sight! They knew too well the *purpose* for which all this flesh was preserved! it was —that it might be baked in ovens, and served up at a feast!

Yet the savages were not ashamed of their awful deeds. One of them asked a missionary

whether *he* would not like to eat some human flesh. The reply he received was short and solemn,—"The WAGES of SIN is DEATH;—and *you* will find it to be so."

The fierce warrior answered,—

"If you are angry with me for what we have been doing, I will kill and EAT YOU, and ALL the missionaries."

Even the little children delighted in blood. One of them was observed, holding on his knees, a HUMAN HEAD, at which he was making faces! It was the head of an enemy.

After the missionaries had laboured *thirteen* years amongst this race of murderers, ONE poor savage, when dying, showed plainly that he believed in Jesus. And if he did,—*this* precious soul was *saved*,—THIS soul worth more than the whole world!

Yet at the end of *twenty* years after the first arrival of missionaries, there was not a *single native* in all New Zealand who partook of the Lord's Supper!

Was not this *discouraging?*

But, at the end of *twenty* years more, there were SIX THOUSAND Christian natives.

Was not this *encouraging?*

The history of one of these Christian natives shall now be related.

THE HISTORY OF TA-MA-HA-HA.

There once lived in New Zealand a great chief, named Ka-pau-ra-ho.

He was much admired by his heathen countrymen, for he was "strong to work, and strong to talk;" but the working he loved was *fighting* and *killing*, and the talking was *boasting* and *railing*. He once led an army from one end of the island to the other, burning the huts, and slaying the inhabitants wherever he came.

While he was carrying on these wars—a little SON was born. It was a common thing in those days for New Zealand mothers to murder their own infants; and the mother of this little son was just going to kill him, when the babe opened his mouth wide, and uttered a loud cry. The father heard it, and determined to save the child. Rushing into the hut, he snatched his boy from the hands of the inhuman mother, and, placing him in a basket, carried him away on his shoulder.

It was his earnest desire that his son should be a great warrior, and he gave him a warlike name, "The White Chief Bird of the Heavens," which is, in New Zealand language, "Rangi-

ka-tu-kua." For short—the child was called "Katu."

In order to make him a great warrior the father took the boy to a priest of his false gods to be blessed. The blessings he desired for Katu were—strength to fight, and a heart to fear nothing. He trained him up to worship the false gods, hoping that they would make his son as terrible as himself. There were no *images* of these gods, for they were supposed to be spirits, dwelling unseen among the forests and mountains. The priests declared that the gods required food (though they were spirits), and they taught people to hang food for them in baskets upon the trees, and they undertook themselves to eat anything that the gods might leave.

Little Katu one day placed a basket in a tree. He asked his father, "May *I* not eat some of the food which the gods leave?"

"No," replied the father, "that food is taboo (or sacred); it is only fit for priests."

The little boy, however, crept softly among the bushes till he reached the place where he had put the food, and he secretly took some. But his father found out what he had done, and was very angry.

"Katu," said he, "the gods will kill you."

The boy replied, "I am not afraid."

Yet he *was* afraid, and for a long time expected that he should fall down dead. But he lived still. Then he began to think those were not *true* gods that he had worshipped.

He was right in thinking this.

Yet there is ONE TRUE GOD. There are many boys as unbelieving as Katu, who are *not* right, but very wrong, because they do not believe in the One True God, who made heaven and earth.

Little Katu now feared neither God nor man, and became every day a more daring and desperate boy.

He had never heard of the true God, for the missionaries lived at the *north* of the island, and he lived at the *south*,—five hundred miles off.

At last he *did* hear of Him,—but *not* from a missionary.

He had a cousin named Tip-po-hee, and this cousin had made a voyage to England in hopes of getting guns. However he got none; for the English would not let him have any. Katu saw Tippohee after his return home, and he asked him about England. Tippohee told him a great deal, especially THIS, "The English say there is one God, and only ONE, and that He lives in Heaven,—and they say, this God does not like fighting."

Katu was much surprised; for he thought that all gods delighted in fighting. He was the more surprised because he saw that Tippohee no longer delighted in it. From this time he longed to hear more about the God of the English,—more than Tippohee could tell him. We know that "the Lord filleth the hungry with good things," and he soon satisfied Katu's desire.

Soon a band of warriors from the north came near the place where Katu dwelt. They were not enemies to *his* tribe. Amongst them was a man named Matahau—who had been a servant to the missionaries in the north.

When Katu knew this, he was very anxious to see him. He heard also that Matahau had a BOOK that told about the God of the English.

Katu sent a message to Matahau, requesting him to come; but Matahau refused; for though he had been with the missionaries, he had not turned to their God, nor did he wish to turn others to God.

When Katu found that Matahau would not come, he determined to go and seek him. He took with him, as a companion, a cousin, named "Whi-whi." These two went to Matahau, and asked him for the book.

"Oh!" replied Matahau, "do you want *that book?* I have not got it?"

"Where is it?" inquired the anxious visitants.

Matahau mentioned the man's name.

The two cousins went to that man.

"Will you let us have the book?"

"No," replied the man, "I want it to make cartridges for my gun."

"Oh! you must not use it for your gun," said Katu, "it is the book of God. I will buy it. What shall I give you for it?"

"Some mats and some tobacco."

The price was gladly paid. A much greater would have been paid, if demanded.

Katu now held the precious book in his hand; but he could not read even the title page.

It was not a Bible, nor even a New Testament; it was only the Gospel of St. Luke. It had not been *given* to Matahau by the missionaries; it had been taken by violence from a Christian native. *His* loss was to prove the gain of many souls, and though it caused *him grief*, it was to bring *joy* to *angels!*

It was now Katu's earnest desire to learn to read.

Who could teach him?

Matahau—for the missionaries had taught *him.*

But *would* he?

Katu and Whi-whi entreated him to teach them.

Then Matahau began to laugh. "Why do you want to read that book? It is a bad book. It tells you not to drink too much rum, and not to fight; but to live in peace, and to pray to God."

After many entreaties, Matahau consented to teach the two cousins. He accompanied them to a very small island, called Kapiti, where they would be safer and quieter than on the main land.

This island had once been a place of misery —for there Katu's father had once kept his prisoners of war; but now it was an abode of happiness. Night and day the two cousins pursued their studies; when sleep overcame them they lay down for a little while, and arose refreshed to read again. Their only book they divided in half, that each might have a part to himself. They felt they had no time to lose; for they knew not when Matahau might leave them, and they feared lest they should not have learned to read *first*.

In their retreat they were visited by Katu's father and uncle, and entreated to come and fight; but they replied, "We fear the Book of God—we will not fight."

The old warriors replied—"Our gods are the

true gods. They have made us strong to kill so many people. Your gods are not strong!"

At the end of six months they could read, though very slowly. Great was their joy. Now they wished to teach others. They left their little island and returned to their own people; they read to them out of their book. These people liked their reading so much, that they desired to have the book. But Katu would on no account part with his treasure. Yet all he *could* do for them he did; he wrote out the alphabet, and taught some to read, and he got Matahau to write copies of the Lord's prayer to distribute among the learners.

It was *now* his chief desire to hear the word of God *explained.* He longed for a better teacher than Matahau: indeed, he felt he could not be satisfied without hearing the Gospel "straight from a white man's mouth." He determined, if possible, to go with his cousin to the Bay of Islands, to seek for a MISSIONARY.

Just about this time an American ship anchored close by; he heard it was bound for the Bay of Islands. Paying their passage in pigs and potatoes, the two cousins went on board, leaving their wives weeping on the shore.

After a voyage of a month they arrived at their desired haven in the Bay of Islands. As soon as they landed they inquired for the mis-

sionary, whose name was Williams (though called by the natives Te Wiremu, and also Karuma, or Four Eyes, because he wore spectacles). It was an anxious moment for Katu when he entered the presence of the missionary —the *first* he had ever seen.

Mr. Williams inquired, "Why have you come?"

"To get a missionary to teach my people."

"*There is none that we can send.*"

What a blow was this to the poor petitioner! Had he come five hundred miles only to meet with a refusal? His heart sunk within him. The cousins tried to persuade Mr. Williams to send a missionary. They talked for many hours, but the same reply was always given, "There is none who CAN go."

Next day they returned, very sorrowful, to the ship. There they remained some time without beginning their voyage homewards, for the ship was being painted. They resolved not to depart without making another effort to obtain their hearts' desire; so, at the end of a week, they went again on shore to talk to Mr. Williams.

At last they received this answer: "Go to my brother; perhaps he can help you."

"Where does he live?" Katu eagerly inquired.

"At a place fifteen miles off."

"I do not know the way."

"I will send a boy to show you."

The two friends, with hearts revived, set out on foot, guided by a native lad. As they passed through the lonely forests they trembled lest some of their enemies should see them; for these parts had been ravaged by Katu's father. As the sun was setting, they arrived at the house of Mr. Williams's brother. They were kindly received, and supplied with food and a blanket to sleep on.

Katu waited till the morning to proffer his request. Then he said, with earnestness, "Friend, will you give us a missionary?"

"We *cannot* send one," was the answer.

O how dark was Katu's heart when he heard this answer! He could scarcely believe there *really* was no missionary for him, for he saw a young man in the room who looked just like one. He asked, "Cannot I have that man?"

"No," replied Mr. Williams, "he is only just arrived, and does not yet understand your language."

Katu continued to plead earnestly for some time, but could obtain no other answer than, "We cannot send one."

The two cousins returned, with hearts cast down, to the other Mr. Williams, and told him

of their disappointment. They said, "We have left our homes, our wives, and our people; we have come this long way, but we do not hear good talk."

They went back to their ship more sorrowful than before. There they remained without setting out homewards, as it continued to lie at anchor.

Two weeks passed away. In one week more the ship was to set sail; when—one day, as Katu was at dinner, he heard a sailor call out, "The missionary's boat is come."

His heart in a moment was filled with hope.

Presently the sailor cried, "They are calling for you."

Katu ran upon deck, and, looking over the side of the ship, he beheld the Mr. Williams called Four Eyes, accompanied by a young missionary—the very same that Katu had seen at the house of the other Mr. Williams.

What was Katu's delight when he was told that the young missionary was for *him!*

How was this happy event brought to pass?

It seems that Mr. Hadfield, the young missionary, had been struck by the earnest manner of poor Katu, and, as he could not understand what he said, he had asked Mr. Williams, and when he had heard that it was for a missionary that Katu had been pleading, he had

proposed to go *himself.* It was true that he could not speak the New Zealand tongue, but he felt sure that he should soon learn. When Mr. Williams saw that he had so strong a desire to go with Katu, he sent him to his brother, called Four Eyes, and *that* Mr. Williams promised to accompany him to the south, and to stay there a little while with him.

Katu was filled with joy when he found himself returning to his home with two missionaries on board, one of whom was to be his *own.*

When the ship reached the southern coast, where missionaries had never been, it was visited by many natives, who came out in their canoes to see the new teachers. The cry arose from many voices, "Welcome, welcome! come hither,—the Light is come, that all men may believe."

At last the ship arrived at Otaki, Katu's own home. The place was full of noise and confusion, for the people were just going to war with a neighbouring tribe. Mr. Williams succeeded in stopping the war, and in rearing the white flag of peace.

Mr. Williams had also the great satisfaction of baptizing Matahau,—now become a true convert and a zealous teacher. He gave him the name of Joseph—a name that suited well a

man who had brought a blessing on so many of his countrymen. Matahau had once been a careless servant to the missionary; but after quitting his service, he had become, through grace, a faithful servant to the Lord.

Soon after the baptism Mr. Williams returned to the Bay of Islands; but Mr. Hadfield remained at Otaki. He divided his time between Otaki and a village twelve miles off—living a week at each, by turns.

The people of Otaki, for a long while, were unwilling to learn, excepting some of the poor, and especially the slaves. But at last the fierce warriors asked for instruction.

Katu and Whi-whi listened with all their hearts to the missionary's words, and at the end of a few months they were baptized. Katu took the name of Thompson, which is, in the New Zealand language, Tamehaha; and Whi-whi took the name of Henry Martyn, and was generally called Martene.

These faithful friends, wishing to spread the knowledge of Christ, went to Middle Island with a number of New Testaments, lately come from England.

Old Raparahau did not like to see his son set out on this journey. He said, "You had better not go, for I am going there soon to fight."

His son replied, "But we are going to bring peace."

Then the fierce old chief was angry, and went to Mr. Hadfield to complain. He said, "The *first* Englishmen who came here brought guns, and taught us to fight; and now you, the *second* Englishmen who come, teach us *not* to fight. Why were not you the *first* to come? Why did not the Englishmen keep their guns to themselves, and send the missionaries instead? If they had done so, by this time all New Zealand would have been quiet."

Truly Mr. Hadfield wished they *had* done so, and every Christian wishes the same. But Raparahau had no right to make this speech, for he had always opposed any missionaries coming, and now was trying to prevent his son being a missionary to his perishing countrymen. But this old man, like all impenitent sinners, tried to find an excuse for continuing in his wicked ways. Yet he could not hinder his son from serving God.

It was a dangerous journey that the two cousins made in Middle Island, because Raparahau had formerly ravaged the country with his army. But they trusted in God to preserve them from their enemies.

When the people heard their message of peace, they replied, "Look at the land which your father has laid waste."

Then Tama (for this was Katu's new name),

replied, "I have come to teach you the Word of God; that is MY SWORD."

Then the people asked, "Where is your God?"

Tama replied, "In Heaven."

They answered—"Has any one come down from Heaven to tell you?"

"Yes," replied Tama, "ONE *has* come down —Jesus the Son of God!"

In some places the people were so anxious to learn the Gospel that they sat up all night. Many learned to read their Testaments. Tama was never wearied of teaching and preaching. Sometimes he taught all night and preached seven times in the day, at the Pas scattered about the country. He was absent, on the whole, fourteen months.

When he returned home he made new efforts to benefit his own people. But he found he needed more knowledge himself, and therefore he went to a college at Auckland. That is the capital of New Zealand. It is at the north, near the Bay of Islands, and was built by the English.

During his absence his old father got in disgrace with the English. He was suspected of helping the natives to rise up against the settlers; therefore he was seized at night, while sleeping in his Pa, and, in spite of his cries and struggles, was imprisoned in an English ship.

When Tama heard of this calamity he went to see his poor father; but he would not rise up against the English, though many warriors were ready to fight in his cause. When advised to fight, Tama replied, "I do not wish *many* to die for the sake of *one* man, though that man be my own father."

In a few months Raparahau was set at liberty; and from that time he never opposed his Christian son in his holy ways.

Otaki was a beautiful spot, covered with smooth grass and adorned with clumps of trees, like an English park; but the people were still in a savage state, scarcely clothed, or only in mats and blankets, delighting in war dances and riotous feasts. Their Pa was disfigured with heaps of rubbish and skulls of men, and also with frightful images, in memory of the dead. In this loathsome spot the people sat crowded together, and, lounging on the ground, while they wasted their hours in loud talking.

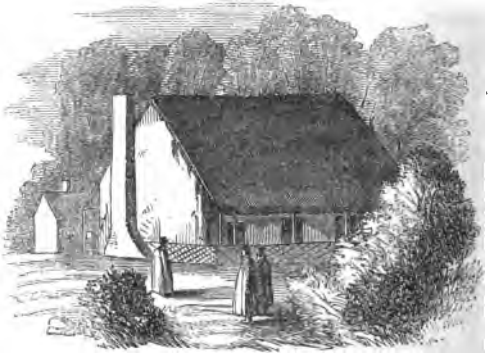
Tama proposed to his people to build an English village, where the families might live comfortably in their own cottages. The people replied, "It will be very hard." But Tama said, "The English have only two hands, two feet, and one heart; we have the same, only our skins are darker—let us try."

Martene also said, "Let us try."

Tama said, "Let us build the church *first*—God's house *first*,—man's *second*;—then God will bless our work."

Immediately the chief led his people into the forest to fell trees, and soon the church was built.

Then the people began to build cottages for themselves. But they did not work heartily or steadily, for they preferred living in their huts in the Pa. Therefore Tama set fire to the Pa. He had power to do this, for he was not (like our queen), bound to govern according to laws—he was an *absolute* monarch, at liberty to do what he pleased. Many cried to see the flames devouring the Pa, but Tama rejoiced.



Picture of Tamahaka's house.

"Now," said he to his people, "let each man build a house, containing two rooms and a chimney; and let not *two* families live in one house."

Tama built for himself a palace, containing four rooms—two up-stairs and two down-stairs. It was more beautiful than an English cottage; for the walls were curiously carved, according to the New Zealand fashion, and there was a deep over-shadowing roof, with pillars to support it, and railings of trellis-work to adorn the palace.

This new town of Otaki was the *first* in New Zealand built in the English style.

Tama endeavoured to make his people industrious. He encouraged them to keep cows. He bought a cow himself at the English town of Wellington, lately built in the south. As the people were not accustomed to any animals larger than pigs, they were much frightened at the sight of this cow, and none but Tama had the courage to come near her; and even *he* thought it necessary to tie the good creature by the horns, with a strong rope, to a tree, before he began to milk her. But by degrees these fears wore off, and many of the people kept cows. They learned also to grow corn, and they made water-mills in which to grind it.

Old Raparahau assisted his son in all these

plans. He even attended the morning-school, and learned his letters with the meekness of a child. Yet he did not show signs of repentance, and faith in Christ, and therefore he was not baptized.

At last the old man fell ill. His son, anxious for his father's salvation, said, "My father, who died to bear your sins?"

"O, my son, Christ died for me."

It was a comfort to the son to hear his father speak thus; but he wished his father had more openly and fervently confessed his Saviour in his days of health.

Raparahau died in November, 1849.

After his father's death—Tama visited England, and was delighted and astonished by the wonderful things he beheld; but he was grieved by the sight of sabbath-breakers. He returned to his country with new stores of knowledge, and new plans of usefulness.

Mr. Hadfield continued long to labour at Otaki, and another missionary joined him there—even a son of Mr. Williams.

Large school-houses have been built, and hundreds of acres have been set apart for the use of the schools. The boys attend to their lessons all the morning; but in the afternoon they labour in the fields, and earn enough to pay all the expenses of their education.